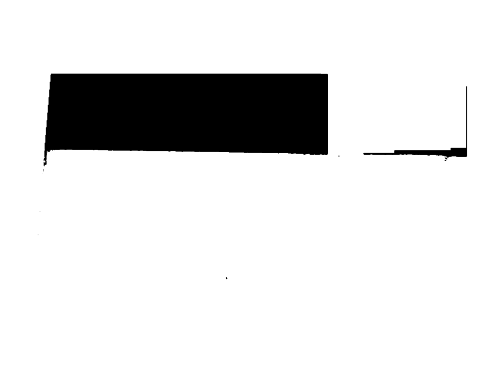
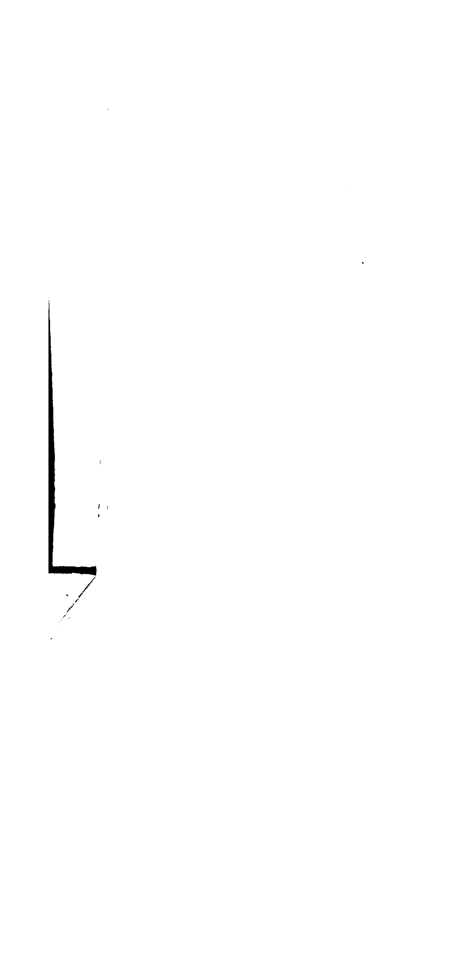






THE

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COMPRISING

THE CHOICEST WORKS, IN PROSE AND VERSE

OF THE BEST ANCIENT AND MODERN AUTHORS

WITH ORIGINAL PREFACES

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[redacted]

THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER,

WITH

AN ORIGINAL LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

VOLUME II.



PARIS,

BAUDRY, AT THE ENGLISH, ITALIAN, SPANISH, GERMAN, AND PORTUGUESE LIBRARY,

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1827.

WAYS AND MEANS;

OR

A TRIP TO DOVER,

A COMEDY,

FIRST ACTED AT THE HAY-MARKET THEATRE,

JULY 10, 1788.

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN

BY THE HON. FRANCIS NORTH.

ARE all the members here?—I miss some faces—
My honourable friends! pray keep your places.
To-night, with head and heart at your devotion,
A scheming bard brings forward a new motion:
Opens his budget, in the following scenes,
And to your candour trusts his WAYS AND MEANS.
Some testy critic, with contemptuous sneer,
Exclaims — « a poet and a financier!
In paths untrodden, rashly dare advance,
And blend poetic numbers, with finance! »
At first, the censure may not seem untrue;
For what has fiction with finance to do?
Yet, since all fashions have been learnt from France.
There's nothing now but fiction in finance.
Be it my task, with triumph, to explain
The vast resources of the poet's brain.

No earthly house has he, that needs repair,
He builds ideal castles — in the air!
Parnassus yields his muse, a soft retreat,
While rich Pactolus flows beneath his feet.
Yet in these days of commerce, and plain sense,
When poetry is valued less than pence,
Some hard, prosaic butcher, may refuse,
A leg of mutton to a hungry Muse:
Unfeeling tapsters, cold to fancy's beams,
Won't barter porter, for Pactolian streams:
Not Homer's verse, nor Orpheus' sounding lyre,
Could buy one peck of coals, to feed their fire.
From others woes, our Bard experience gleans,
And turns his active muse to « Ways and Means; »
Do you grant largely the supplies; nor fear
A tax too heavy for another year.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir David Dunder,	An eccentric Kentish Baronet.
Random, ...	A gay young fellow.
Scruple, ...	His friend.
Old Random, ...	A rich country Squire, very infirm.
Carney, ...	His humble friend.
Tiptoe, ...	Joint valet to young Random, and Scruple
Paul Peery, ...	Landlord of the Ship Inn.
Roundfee, ...	A money Lender.
Quirk, ...	An Attorney.
Four Men, ...	Packet and coach Passengers.
Four Women, ...	
French Waiter.	
English Waiter.	
Bailiff.	
Servants, etc.	
Lady Dunder, ...	Sir David's Wife.
Harriet, ...	Eldest Daughter of Sir David and Lady Dunder.
Kitty, ...	Her sister.
Mrs Peery, ...	The Landlord's Wife.

SCENE, partly at Dover, and partly at Sir David Dunder's, near Dover.

WAYS AND MEANS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Anti-Room in an Inn.

(Bar bell ringing violently.)

PAUL PEERY. (Discovered, in a chair, asleep.)

Enter MRS PEERY.

MRS PEERY.

Why Paul! why husband!

PEERY. (Waking.)

Eh! What!

MRS PEERY.

For shame! for shame, Mr Peery! The bar-bell has been ringing this half hour; and here you sleep like the rusty clapper of it; and

scarce stir when you are pull'd — and when you *are*, you only waddle about a little bit, and then stand still till you are pull'd again.

PERRY.

Prithee, wife, be quiet — You know I was always famous for giving satisfaction.

MRS PERRY.

Were you! I wish I cou'd find it out.

PERRY.

But what's the matter?

MRS PERRY.

Packets are the matter — diligences are the matter. Sea and land-cargoes, and carriages. Four sea-sick gentlemen, from Calais; and four ladies, just stept out of the mail coach, from Canterbury. The men, I believe, are making enquiries for the machine to London.

PERRY.

Are they? Then shew them all into one room. I pity the poor gentlemen. Nothing is so dreadful as sea-sickness — so put 'em all together — and then they'll only be sick of one another, you know. (Bell rings.)

Enter WAITER.

WAITER.

Two gentlemen in a post-chaise, with a servant, from London, sir.

(Exit WAITER.)

MRS PEERY.

Run, Mr Peery!

PEERY.

Aye, aye — You take care of the stage-coaches, and let me alone for the post-chaise gentry. — Here, Lewis, John, William! Shew a room, here, to the gentlemen, there!

(Exit bawling.)

Enter WAITER, shewing in one French and three English Passengers, from the packet.

WAITER.

Walk in, gentlemen!

MRS PEERY.

Walk in, gentlemen, if you please. Welcome to England! welcome to Dover, gentlemen!

FIRST PASSENGER.

So—just six o'clock in the morning—becalm'd at sea—not a wink all night—the devil take this packet, say I. I'm rumbled, and tumbled, and jumbled.——

MRS PEERY.

I'm extremely sorry for it, sir! but——

FRENCH PASSENGER.

Now, begar, it do me goot.

MRS PEERY.

I'm vastly happy to hear it—do you chuse any refreshment, sir?

FRENCH PASSENGER.

Vous avez raison—I never vas so refresh in all my life.

MRS PEERY.

I'm very glad indeed, sir!

SECOND PASSENGER.

I'm damn'd sick.

MRS PEERY.

I'm very sorry, I assure you, sir!

FRENCH PASSENGER.

Ma foi, madame have beaucoup de politesse!

SECOND PASSENGER.

Give me a glass of brandy—ti tol, lol—I

feel confounded qualmish, but tol, lol, lol, la— I don't like to own a sea sickness—and—« Britons ever rule the waves. » (Singing, and smothering his uneasiness.)

FRENCH PASSENGER.

Briton rule de vave! I tink de vave rule you ma foi, ha! ha!

SECOND PASSENGER.

Right, Mounseer! in the present case, I grant you. Packet sailing—mere plain water agrees best with your folks: but when there is occasion to mix a little of our british spirit with it, why it's always too much for a french stomach. Now that's the time when an englishman never feels qualmish at all.

Enter WAITER, shewing in four women.

MRS PERRY.

Servant, ladies.

FIRST WOMAN.

Lard! this mail coach is the worst conveyance in the world. It squeezes four people together like two double letters.

MRS PEERY.

Disagreeable to be sure, ma'am!

FIRST MAN.

And that infernal packet!

MRS PEERY.

Nothing can be half so bad, sir.

SECOND MAN.

But then the cabin —

MRS PEERY.

Except the cabin, your honour!

SECOND WOMAN.

And riding backward in a coach — augh!

MRS PEERY.

I can't conceive any thing so shocking, ma'am!

FRENCH PASSENGER.

Voila la politesse encore!

MRS PEERY.

Beg pardon, ladies and gentlemen. But our house is so full at present, we have but one room to spare; the cloth is laid in it for breakfast, and it will be ready directly —hope you will excuse the —

FIRST MAN.

Oh! certainly, hostess: travellers, you know — if you'll give me leave, ma'am.

FIRST WOMAN.

Sir, you are very obliging.

(The men hand the women.)

MRS PEERY.

Here, William, wait on the company.

FRENCH PASSENGER.

Ah! c'est drole! pair and pair! two by two!

(Exeunt men, handing out the women.)

MRS PEERY.

Shew 'em into Noah's Ark, William, dye hear? (Bell rings) coming! Here, John! Lewis! coming!

(Exit.)

SCENE II.

A Room in the Inn.

Enter PEERY, shewing in RANDOM and SCRUPLE.

PEERY.

This way, your honours; this way! one step at the door, if you please.

RANDOM.

Step on, sir, if you please—pay the postboy, and send in the servant (Peery going), and, hearkee, landlord! what's the name of your house?

PEERY.

The Ship, your honour. The oldest, and best establish'd house in the town, sir.

RANDOM.

Very well; then give us a better room, and get us some breakfast.

PEERY.

It shall be done, sir. I suppose, gentlemen, you mean to cross to Calais?

SCRUPLE.

Pshaw!

PEERY.

You intend to take water, gentlemen?

RANDOM.

No, sir, but we intend to take your wine. We may stay here some days, perhaps.

PEERY.

Thank your honours! every thing shall be had to your satisfaction; and as far as a cellar and larder can go, I think I—vastly oblig'd to

your honours! Here, Lewis, William, breakfast for two in the Lion, there.

(Exit.)

RANDOM.

Well said, my thorough, clumsy, talkative innkeeper! — and now, my dear Scruple, after our night's journey, welcome to Dover. Here we are, you see, not with the old stale intention of taking a voyage to the continent; but a voyage to the island of Love.

SCRUPLE.

But suppose we should find neither wind nor tide in our favour?

RANDOM.

Why then we shall be love bound here a little that's all. But, hang it, why anticipate evils? If we are to be unlucky, the less we think of it the better; confound all thinking, say I.

SCRUPLE.

Confound thinking, Mr Random! I'm sure it's high time to think — and that very seriously.

RANDOM.

Hey-day! moralizing! « Confound thinking, Mr Random! » Yes, sir, confound thinking: — I'm sure thinking would confound us; and most confoundedly too, Mr Scruple, at present.

SCRUPLE.

Yet one can't help having one's doubts.

RANDOM.

Poh! prithee don't doubt at all — doubting is mean and mechanical; and never enter'd the head or heart of a gentleman. Why, now, if you observe from our daily experience, the people that doubted most were either our — taylors, or tavern keepers, or shoe-makers; or some such pitiful puppies—Zounds, man, don't be faint-hearted now! we shall never win our fair ladies; at this rate—besides, haven't we all the reasonable hopes in the world?

SCRUPLE.

Why we are sure of *their* good wishes, I believe.

RANDOM.

Certainly — and as to any trifling obstacles, such as father and mother, or so—chance must direct us.

SCRUPLE.

But may not those trifling obstacles you mention —

RANDOM.

Pshaw! doubting again! why you are more of a mandarin, on a chimney piece, than a man; there's no touching you but your head begins shaking. Consider, we attack'd 'em at Bath, where they were three weeks ago, on a visit to a female friend, without impertinent relations about 'em to give 'em advice, and made, I think, no inconsiderable progress.

SCRUPLE.

Granted; but they were then suddenly call'd home to their father's, the baronet's, near Dover, here; who hinted, in his letter, at no very distant match for both of 'em.

RANDOM.

O never fear, if the girls are averse to it; and they, at our parting, like simple damsels in romance, bewail'd their cruel fate, while we, like true knights errant, promis'd to rescue them from confinement. But you had more opportunities with your flame than I: why did not you marry her at once?

SCRUPLE.

Because I lov'd her.

RANDOM.

Well, that's some reason too—you would have made a damn'd unfashionable figure, I confess.

SCRUPLE.

You mistake me, I had too much honour to impose on my Harriet's amiable simplicity; and have the utmost detestation for marrying merely to make a fortune. In these interested cases, if we keep up appearances, after marriage, the wife becomes a clog and incumbrance; if we throw off the mask, we are making a worthy woman, perhaps, miserable, who has afforded the only means of making her husband easy.

RANDOM.

Mighty romantic, truly! and charming policy for a fellow without a guinea!

SCRUPLE.

My policy was chosen from the proverb, Random; I thought honesty the best. I confessed to her my embarrass'd circumstances.

RANDOM.

Charming!

SCRUPLE.

Told her I had nothing to boast of but my family: whom my imprudence had disobliged.

RANDOM.

Excellent!

SCRUPLE.

And thus, by candidly acknowledging myself unworthy her affections, I undesignedly, insur'd them.

RANDOM.

Pugh! this may do well enough for the grave, sentimental, elder sister; but Kitty's the girl for my taste—young, wild, frank, and ready to run into my arms, without the trouble of dying or sighing. Her mind full of fun, her eyes full of fire, her head full of novels, her heart full of love—aye, and her pocket full of money, my boy!

SCRUPLE.

Well, we must now find means to introduce ourselves to the family; I dread encount'ring the old folks too—people in the country here, are apt to be suspicious; they ask queer questions sometimes.

RANDOM.

Oh! the mere effect of their situation; where they get more health than polish.

SCRUPLE.

And yet old country families —

RANDOM.

Are like old country bacon — damn'd fat and very rusty, Scruple! But come, let's to breakfast, and settle our plan over a cup of coffee. But where the devil's our scoundrel? we only hir'd him over-night, and have scarce set eyes on him since.

SCRUPLE.

What! our joint lackey? that we engag'd for the expedition, to avoid enquires—to wait on us both — dress us both — and fly on both our errands, like a shuttlecock between two battle-dores?

RANDOM.

Yes, or like another Atlas, with all our world upon his shoulders. Only look at him, Scruple!

Enter TIPTOE, with a small portmanteau.

TIPTOE.

Gentlemen, shall I put down the luggage?

SCRUPLE.

Aye, on this table.

TIPTOE (Putting it down).

Whew! It's enough to make a man faint to look at it.

RANDOM.

Why, you scoundrel, it's all you have to bring in; and we have contrived, on purpose to make it easy, to put both our clothes in one portmanteau.

TIPTOE.

That's the very reason I complain, sir. You don't know how fatiguing it is to carry double.

RANDOM.

A shrewd fellow this! he may be of use to us. And now we have time to enquire, pray, sir, what may your name be?

TIPTOE.

Tiptoe—Tiptoe, gentlemen, at your service. I have seen better days, no offence to your honours—honest Tiptoe once stood a little above the world; but now—all the world stands upon Tiptoe.

SCRUPLE.

And pray, sir, what were you formerly?

TIPTOE.

A decent young man, sir,—that cou'd dress wigs, write a running-hand, and preferr'd a sober, steady family. I shaved my old master, bottled off his wine, copied his papers, and kept the key of his cabinet and cellar. In short, sir, I was his prime minister.

SCRUPLE.

How came you to leave him, sir?

TIPTOE.

Ruin'd by party, sir; — some of his papers were missing, and as I kept the key—I—

RANDOM.

Began to be suspected—eh! honest Tiptoe?

TIPTOE.

Why, I can't tell how it was, sir; but the cabinet was against me, the whole house opposed me, and poor Tiptoe, like other great men—

RANDOM.

Was turned out, I take it?

TIPTOE.

Oh fie! no, sir: I resigned. I then fairly advertised my abilities— « Wants a place—can turn his hand to every thing »—you, gentlemen,

most for me; here I am, and I hope you'll ve no cause to complain of my qualifications.

SCRUPLE.

He'll make no bad ambassador for us, at least, Random; and now to breakfast, and our plan of operations. If they fail—farewell, dear, dear little England! and yet I am wedded to thee—

RANDOM.

Like modern husbands to their wives, Scruple: it's almost impossible to be seen in one another's company any longer.

Exeunt RANDOM and SCRUPLE.

TIPTOE.

Very fine company I seem to have got into—hir'd in one instant, by two men, I had not heard of three moments: set out on a journey at four in the morning, and it had scarce struck five, when I began to suspect they were all at sixes and sevens.

Enter a FRENCH WAITER.

TIPTOE.

Well, friend!

FRENCH WAITER.

Serviteur, monsieur!

TIPTOE.

Friend! oh Lord! no! it's the enemy.—What, you come to carry up the portmanteau — I suppose?

FRENCH WAITER.

Oui — de porte-manteau — dat belong to —

TIPTOE (Putting it on the waiter's shoulder.)

Well, take it, and take care of it too, monsieur, d'ye mind?

FRENCH WAITER.

Never you fear — Laissez-moi faire. « O! de roast beef of Old England. »

(Exit singing.)

TIPTOE.

There go all the worldly goods of my two poor masters! and here comes our inquisitive puppy of a landlord. Deuce take the fellow! he asked me more questions at the bar of the inn, than if I had been brought to the bar of the Old Bailey.

Enter PEERY.

PEERY.

Ah! my honest friend — sweet, honest Mr Tiptoe, your servant!

TIPTOE. (Aside.)

How did he pick up my name, now?

PEERY.

I hope the two worthy gentlemen, I have shown above stairs, have every thing to their satisfaction? Tho' I say it, that should not say it, Paul Peery, of the Ship, was ever famous for giving satisfaction. Which of the two do you serve, my friend?

TIPTOE.

Umph! Serve! — why — a

PEERY.

His honour in grey? or —

TIPTOE.

Aye.

PEERY.

Or the worthy gentleman in green?

TIPTOE.

Yes.

PEERY.

Umph! Two sweet gentlemen, indeed; and

happy is one of 'em in a servant. You seem to give double the attendance of an ordinary footman.

TIPTOE. (Mimicking PEERY.)

Why, tho' I say it, that shouldn't say it—Tim Tiptoe was ever famous for giving satisfaction.

PEERY.

A close fellow! Wel!, I wish 'em success with all my heart, Mr Tiptoe. You have lived with 'em a long while, I imagine?

TIPTOE.

Why, I have liv'd with'em long enough, for that matter, Mr Peery.

PEERY.

They are of property, no doubt?

TIPTOE.

Of such property, master Peery — it's impossible to describe it!

PEERY.

Indeed! and where may their property lie at this time?

TIPTOE.

I believe all their property lies on the sea-coast, at this time.

[redacted]

PEERY.

Oh, oh! the sea-coast! What, in ships, I imagine?

TIPTOE.

Yes. It's all in the Ship.

PEERY.

(*Aside.*) So, so! merchants! rich rogues, I'll lay my life. — Ah! warm, warm! Good men, Mr Tiptoe! trusted by every body, I warrant.

TIPTOE.

Trusted for a great while too, I promise you.

PEERY.

I hope they find every thing to their liking. (*Aside.*) Must be civil, here. — I hope the room suits their honours? I should be sorry to give any offence. I have given 'em a room I give to the best of company.

TIPTOE.

Oh excellent! make no apologies — Your room is as good as your company, master Peery.

PEERY.

Oh! you are pleased to compliment: but I was always famous for giving satisfaction.

RANDOM. (Without.)

Damn *your* house! — Here! Tiptoe! Tiptoe! *you scoundrel!*

TIPTOE.

Coming directly, sir. — You are right: you were always famous for giving satisfaction.

RANDOM.

Tiptoe!

PEERY.

Hark! Is it your master?

TIPTOE.

Faith, I don't know. It's either his honour in grey, or the worthy gentleman in the green. Good bye, master Peery!

RANDOM.

Tiptoe!

TIPTOE.

Coming, sir!

(Exit.)

PEERY.

Why, what the devil can these merchants do at Dover? A bit of a smuggling business, perhaps. They must be rich fellows by the servant's being so saucy, and, then they call about 'em, and abuse the house so kindly! — Oh! your abusive fellows are the best customers in the world; for none pay so well at

an inn, as those who are always damning the waiters for ill treatment.

(Bar-bell.)

Enter WAITER.

WAITER.

Sir David Dunder, of Dunder Hall, sir, has had business in the town, before breakfast, and stept in, whilst his horses are put to, to go back.

(Exit.)

PEERY.

Odd's my life! a rich man, a good natur'd gentleman; and lives but a mile off. The only great man, I know, whose situation never keeps me at a great distance. An odd fellow too! and takes more money from my house, than a tax-gatherer. I can never keep a guest for his cursed kind invitations. But he pays well while he stays. So, William! wife! hostler! rub down the horses, and show up sir David Dunder.

(Exit.)

(*Scene continues.*)

PEERY returns, attending SIR DAVID—talking as entering.

SIR DAVID.

Pooh! Paul, you are a blockhead—There's two of 'em, you tell me?

PEERY.

Worth a plum a piece, sir David.

SIR DAVID.

Plums! Figs! — How's your wife, Paul, eh?

PEERY.

She's pretty—

SIR DAVID.

Be quiet, I know she is — And so these two merchants are as rich as —

PEERY.

Any thing, your honour.

SIR DAVID.

Damn'd good simile — very new too. Have they taken care of the horses?

PEERY.

They're going to —

SIR DAVID.

Be quiet, — I know it. Merchants! Hazard! Vessels are lottery tickets, two blanks to a prize.

PEERY.

Right, your honour, and the sea—

SIR DAVID.

Is the worst wheel in the world for'em, Paul; for when once they stick at the bottom, I wou'd not give a farthing for the chance of their coming up. Where do they come from?

PEERY.

London — London merchants: and they —

SIR DAVID.

I know it, you blockhead — are respected all over the world. London merchants, Paul, are like London porter: a little heavy or so, sometimes; but stout, stiff, heady, old hogsheads that keep up the vigour of a strong english constitution. Where are they going?

PEERY.

I can't tell, sir David; but if you wish for any intelligence—

SIR DAVID.

You can't give it me. Tell 'em I wish to be *introduc'd*, d'ye hear? Sir David Dunder,

Dunder Hall — you know the form — Bart: Bloody hand, all that— wishes to— Who have we here?

PERRY.

The very men, sir David; coming this way too.

SIR DAVID.

Then do you get out on't.

PERRY.

So! Two more guests going by his cursed invitations!

(Exit.)

SIR DAVID. (Looking out.)

Gad! they are youngish men for merchants. Well, why the worse? They may be clever fellows, for all that. If so, the younger the better, and a man must be clever indeed, when his enemies can throw nothing but his youth in his teeth.

Enter RANDOM and SCRUPLE.

RANDOM.

Nay, prithee, Scruple, one turn on the quay,

and — Who is he? Egad, the same queer fellow we observed just now under the window.

SCRUPLE.

Right, giving orders to his coachman.

SIR DAVID.

Gentlemen, your servant.

BOTH.

Sir, your very obedient!

SIR DAVID.

My landlord tells me — honest Paul here — you've just left London. Good journey, I hope. Our town of Dover is but an odd, whimsical sort of a—eh! — and, after the city, you think it a damn'd dirty, dingy kind of a — umph?

SCRUPLE.

Why, sir, at present, we can't say we are tired of the exchange.

SIR DAVID.

The Exchange! (*Aside.*) O, oh! Paul's right. — I know it. The Exchange, as you say, for people in your situation, is much pleasanter.

SCRUPLE.

Sir! Our situation!

SIR DAVID.

Be quiet; my host has let me into your characters.

RANDOM.

The devil he has! And how should he know any thing of —?

SIR DAVID.

Nay, don't be angry — no harm, — mere innuendo — didn't tell, plump, — talked of your dealings.

SCRUPLE.

Dealings!

RANDOM.

Why, zounds! the scoundrel has not presumed to —

SIR DAVID.

(Aside.) Must be rich — damn'd crusty. — You're right tho', can't be too cautious. I would not wish to pry. Mean nothing but respect, upon my soul. How many clerks do you keep?

BOTH.

Clerks!

SIR DAVID.

Can't do without them, you know. Fine folks tho', all you, eh? Props of the public — bulwarks of Britain. Always brought forward as an example to the world. Been in the stocks lately, gentlemen?

SCRUPLE.

Hell, and the devil!

SIR DAVID.

That's right, don't tell. I like you the better. You see what I know of you, and —

RANDOM.

Sir, we suspect what you imagine — and —

SIR DAVID.

I know it. You wonder to see me so devilish distant. I live but a mile off — Lady Dunder — a sweet, fine, fat woman— my wife by the bye — will be happy to entertain gentlemen of—

RANDOM and SCRUPLE. (Both hastily.)

How! lady Dunder your wife!
Is lady Dunder your wife, sir?

SIR DAVID.

Hey! my wife! my wife! Why yes, I think so — She is not yours, is she?

SCRUPLE.

Oh! you'll pardon us, sir; only we have heard the name of sir David Dunder, in this country, before.

SIR DAVID.

Like enough; the Dunders are pretty well known, I believe, every where.

RANDOM.

Certainly; indeed you were the last person in our mouths, sir David.

SIR DAVID.

Pop'd in apropos, eh! Never knew it otherwise. Just like Simon Spungy, our curate — never knocks but at dinner, and always comes in with the cloth. But we are notorious for hospitality to strangers of your stamp; and if you can spare a day or two at Dunder Hall — all in the family way, you know, — sir David, that's me — lady, and two misses — two fine young women, upon my soul, as any in Kent — tall as hop-poles — will be happy to — eh!

SCRUPLE.

Sir, you're particularly kind, but —

RANDOM.

We'll attend you with pleasure, sir David.

SIR DAVID.

Will you? that's right. It's close by — quite convenient. And if necessity obliges you to come to the coast here—why, 'tis but a mile— All in my power. I know your business, and we'll have the horses directly. We shall be at home time enough for a late breakfast. Here—

[redacted]

Eh! I'll step to coachy myself—but don't, don't abuse honest Paul—meant no harm, upon my soul — mere innendo— a slight sketch, but no profession specified. Paul is like other inn-keepers — blunders and talks, — a damn'd deal of the bull and mouth about him, but no more meaning than a split crow, or a spread eagle, egad!

(Exit.)

RANDOM.

Give me your hand, my boy! the day's our own : the luckiest hit in the world!

SCRUPLE.

Do you think so?

RANDOM.

Think so! Zounds, what's the matter with you? Isn't the very man we have been following, the first man we have met? Hasn't he thrown open his doors to us, when we only hoped to get in at his window? Isn't he our father-in-law that is to be, and hasn't he given us an invitation?

SCRUPLE.

Granted : and what then?

RANDOM.

What then? Why then, instead of reconnoitring the whole day round his wall, we have nothing to do but to walk in, whisk away with the girls, and be married immediately.

SCRUPLE.

And is this to be our return, Mr Random, for sir David's kindness?

RANDOM.

Why, how can you make a better, than by giving such a strong proof of your attachment to his family?

SCRUPLE.

For shame, Random! basely endeavour to injure a man whose hospitality has brought you under his roof! No, no; our reconnoitring plan is best indeed, and, weak as you may think it, I should prefer going to his wall, as you say, I assure you.

RANDOM.

Very likely; the weakest always go there. Remember, however, I scorn a mean action, as much as any man; but if a good marriage is the readiest road to a reconciliation with our friends, who can, if they chuse, make us easy,

I see no great injury offered to sir David, nor his family.

SCRUPLE.

Why in that case, to be sure —

RANDOM.

Aye, aye, no more of your cases now, good doctor; but follow my prescriptions, I entreat you. Besides, my father is expected from the south of France every day. He may arrive before we have brought matters to bear; and fathers are apt to spoil sport, you know.

Enter TIPTOE.

TIPTOE.

The old gentleman, sir, with the old coach, is inquiring for you in the court yard.

SCRUPLE.

O, sir David! allons! follow us, sirrah. We havn't a moment to spare.

RANDOM.

That's right, Scruple! stick close; for he seems so whimsical an old fellow, that he may get into his carriage, drive off, and forget he

TIPTOE.

Quick! Zounds, I'm almost dead. All night, bumping down to Dover, on a ragged, rawboned posthorse, with a brace of pistols at my knees; and, as soon as we arrive, clapt up behind a queer country coach, with a couple of leather straps in my hand, to be rattled back again! Ah! Tiptoe! Tiptoe! you must get into a sober family again, I see. My running-hand will be all I have left for it at last; for I shall be run off my feet, I find, in a fortnight.

Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A room in the Ship, at Dover.

(Bar bell.)

Enter ROUNDFEE and QUIRK.

ROUNDFEE.

WHY I told you so, all along; but you have no more head than a smooth shilling.

QUIRK.

No, but I have a mouth, if you would let me open it.

ROUNDFEE.

Yes, and then you'd shut it again, just as you do at my dinners; where you have been opening and shutting it, any time these ten years.

QUIRK.

What, and hav'n't I deserved it? hav'n't I filled more parchments for you, than stomach

more skins than bellies, and closed many an account before I could close my orifice? hav'n't I given you a character in the courts, good-humouredly establishing your reputation, before I regarded my own?—Hav'n't I sworn for you; and roundly too, Mr Roundfee?

ROUNDFEE.

Well, well, I always allowed you had a good swallow.

QUIRK.

Wasn't I, when you were tottering, friend enough to take out a commission of bankruptcy against you? and didn't I kindly make myself a cruel creditor, and insist upon receiving three parts of your effects?

ROUNDFEE.

And hav'n't I always acknowledged my ruin with gratitude?

QUIRK.

No, nor any thing else. I have dangled after half the heirs in town, without an acknowledgment: making myself the imaginary friend of their imaginary wants, merely to introduce 'em to you, as a man of honour and secrecy.

ROUNDFEE.

Aye, if required.

towards the Bar, all winter long, with their boots, and high collars, for fear of sore throats, to chew your tough chops, in the back parlour. Then they'd clap you on the back, call you by your christian name, tell damn'd lies, and swear you were an honest fellow, to make you come down with the ready. And who was, the disinterested, moderate man, to settle a proper premium, between the parties? Why I, to be sure.

ROUNDFEE.

And is there a worse security in the world than your fellows of fashion? Your snug man of business, when he puts his name to a note, is always punctual in his payments; or else we lock him in limbo, — safe in the house of bondage. Now your man of fashion always gets safe in another house; and if he can't duly pay, why *he gets duly* elected, and I have a *false return* for my money.

QUIRK.

That's not the case here, you know.

ROUNDFEE.

No, but it's as bad. A pretty wild goose chace we have had here! Ram'd into a post chaise, with more expence than speed; gaping at hops, thro' a cursed small beer country, and after two youngsters, who by this time, I take it, have hopped over to Calais. That's another genteel way of chousing an honest creditor. The coast of France is edg'd with english insolvents; Calais is a King's bench, and Boulogne little more than a Marshalsea. A parcel of prodigal, webfooted spendthrifts, come here, and take water, like ducks.

QUIRK.

Yes, but they are lame ducks.

ROUNDFEE.

While we, who have hatched 'em, like hens, in the shell of their dissipation, stand clucking complaints on the shore, without daring to follow.

QUIRK.

Come, come, accidents will happen sometimes.

ROUNDFEE.

And who brought this accident about, but the dapper Mr Quirk? with your plaguy politic pate! a thick Simmon's-inn skull, only fit to peep thro' a pillory. You must be sending *me* your two, fine, St James's gentlemen. Dam'me, there's more poor rogues, I believe, in that parish than St Giles's! all in a gang too; knaves of clubs every one of them. — And there my two youngsters coaxed me over with a pretty refreshing story of friends in the country, and rich old fathers with fine crazy constitutions, charming church-yard coughs, and pretty touches of the rheumatism; sweet bile, and delightful bad livers! It put one in spirits to hear them talk; and you, you booby, to back it!

QUIRK.

Why, I had it from the best authority. However, young Random's father is abroad for his health; and every body says in a fine, fair way of dying; and then you'll be in a fair way of recovery. The report is current, my old lad.

ROUNDFEE.

Yes, and the son got current cash for it; and

now he must go abroad too; with a cursed consumptive pocket, I warrant: and that other oily-tongued fellow, Mr Scruple.

QUIRK.

But why call me in question! Could not you see for yourself? Didn't they ask you to dine with 'em; and wer'n't you foolish enough to drink, and grow open hearted? and then when Random told you he'd take you to Shooter's hill in his phaeton —

ROUNDFEE.

Psha! no such thing.

QUIRK.

And introduce you to Peggy Pattens, who said you had fine eyes, if you did not squint, and a good walk if you did not stoop —

ROUNDFEE.

Hush!

QUIRK.

Didn't you chuckle, and whisper he was an honest fellow? and tho' I kept winking, and pulling your sleeve, did not you take notes, which were due the day they set off, and give a draft for the three thousand?

ROUNDFEE.

Zounds, it's enough to drive one mad to

think on't! You got the warrant backed by the sheriff of Canterbury?

QUIRK.

Yes, by the *Sub*, and all may be repaired at last. We have traced 'em truly to this house, and if the tide hasn't served, we may nab 'em yet. Come along old Round. We'll pump the waiters, sound our host, and success, no doubt, will crown our enquiries. Come along!

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

An apartment in Dunder Hall. A glass door in the back scene, with a view into the gardens.

SIR DAVID, LADY DUNDER, RANDOM, and SCRUPLE, discovered at the finish of breakfast.

RANDOM.

We are only mortified, sir David, as we have not had the pleasure of seeing the young ladies, that we are deprived of their company at breakfast.

SIR DAVID.

Pshaw! Nonsense! musn't mind that — (To Random.) t'other cup — Eh? Always the case with my girls. (To Scruple.) Lump o' sugar.

SCRUPLE.

Not any.

LADY DUNDER.

They are taking their constant morning's round, gentlemen. They always breakfast before the rest of the family; and are generally breathing the air of the shrubbery, while sir David and I are sipping our tea and chocolate.

SIR DAVID.

Be quiet; I know it. Picking posies, gathering daisies and daffy-down-dillies. Pretty pastoral girls, tho', I assure you: very like mamma.

LADY DUNDER.

Oh, sir David!

SIR DAVID.

Hush! The very picture of my de *Dunder. Not* so plump, perhaps; b *good time — bit* more muffin?

SCRUPLE.

The young ladies, sir David, are happy in their resemblance of so accomplished a mother.

SIR DAVID.

Yes; like as three peas. My lady, indeed, has more of the marrow-fat.

(All rise, as having done breakfast)

LADY DUNDER.

Why people do flatter, I confess. None of our neighbours but are pretty partial to the Dunders. Not an assembly round, but my girls are first called out to move in a minuet; and always stand the head couples in a country dance.

RANDOM.

We make no doubt, madam. The charms which your ladyship's daughters must inherit —

SIR DAVID.

Be quiet. — Asked every where, I promise you. Quite the delight of Dover. Acted all the tragedy parts too, at my friend thing-em-bob's. Harriet got great applause, upon my soul: Kitty was so cursed comical! did Des-

demona one night; gets killed, you know, *by* a bolster.

SCRUPLE.

An agreeable amusement! Gentlemen's play-houses are much to be wish'd for.

SIR DAVID.

Fine fun, is'n't it? We had a touch of dramatics once ourselves, at the hall here — gutted a kitchen, and fill'd it with fly-flaps — all gentlemen players, you know.

RANDOM.

A kitchen! And how did your players perform?

SIR DAVID.

Players! Pokers! Empty as pots; and as flat as the dresser.

LADY DUNDER.

Oh, fie, sir David! You know, sir Simon Squab came from London on purpose; and every body said his Romeo was charming.

SIR DAVID.

Eh! gad that's true: forgot Squab. True deary; — fine, — very fine, indeed, for a gen*tleman: his* figure, to be sure, wasn't so cle*verly cut* out for the character. A fat fubsy

phiz, sunk between a couple of round shoulders, and, damme, he croaked like a toad in a hole. What do you say to a hop in the garden, eh? Look at the lawn?

RANDOM.

Why, at present, sir David —

SIR DAVID.

I know it: rather not: that's right: no nonsense: I hate excuses. Looks like rain: cursed cloudy; and all that. No ceremony here.

SCRUPLE.

A little rest after a journey is —

SIR DAVID.

Right — By the bye, talking of that, after a journey, I met with Kit — d'ye know Kit Skurry?

RANDOM.

Never heard of him.

SCRUPLE.

Nor I.

SIR DAVID.

An odd, harum-scarum, absent, flighty fish. Old friend of our's; but a damn'd quiz: got acquainted in the queerest way in the world.

LADY DUNDER.

I've heard sir David mention —

SIR DAVID.

Be quiet. Coming from Paul's one night, where I picked you up in an odd sort of a strange style —

SCRUPLE.

Why it was rather —

SIR DAVID.

Hush! Got into my coach — all alone, dull as hell, dark as the devil: so to amuse myself, fell fast asleep.

RANDOM.

Entertaining, indeed!

SIR DAVID.

Very — I know it. When the carriage came to the hill, rubbed my eyes to wake, out of one corner, and saw Skurry stuck up in the other. I thought coachy had crammed in a corpse.

RANDOM.

It look'd rather suspicious.

SIR DAVID.

Took him for dead, as I hope to live.

RANDOM.

How did you behave?

SIR DAVID.

Sat still: frightened out of my wits, till I got home; and John came out with a candle.

SCRUPLE.

And how did he explain?

SIR DAVID.

Easy enough. Got drunk upon business; going to town; pop'd into my carriage for the mail-coach, to secure a good place before the rest of the passengers; and as the hostler cross'd the yard in the dark, bid him shut the door, and be damn'd to him. Made us monstrous merry, didn't it, love?

LADY DUNDER.

Extremely.

SIR DAVID.

Yes, my lady laughed till she was ready to — Go to the farm, eh! Peep at the pigs?

LADY DUNDER.

Lard, sir David, how you tease gentlemen to walk, who have scarcely recovered from the rattle of the road: your friends have no relish for pigs now; besides, it's so late, we shall hardly have time to dress for dinner.

SIR DAVID.

Eh! gad that's true. No dinner without

dressing. — Won't walk. — Well, do as you like: I leave you here with my dear lady Dunder. (To Lady Dunder). Talk to 'em, deary, do; give 'em a sketch of the county. Some Dover scandal, and Canterbury tales, quite in your way, lovee. She knows all about you.

SCRUPLE.

Indeed!

SIR DAVID.

Yes, I told all, just as I had it from Paul. Make her prattle to you, do you hear? Devilish deal of solid sense about her, I assure you.

RANDOM.

That we are convinced of.

SIR DAVID.

I'll just take a turn, and abuse my people: see what's going on within and without — house and garden, farm and fire-side; look at the plate and the pantry. gape at the geese, and the ducks, and the dogs, and the hogs and the logs. Must go — damn'd sorry; mind my little cutter of cabbages, an eating, cheating dog; and would soo *damn'd than* dig. He's of no more *garden than* Adam, for he steals

he can find, and won't even take the pains of grafting a gooseberry bush.

(Exit.)

SCRUPLE.

I hope we don't detain your ladyship from walking?

LADY DUNDER.

By no means: sir David's horse walks have given me a dislike to so fatiguing an exercise. I drive round the grounds in a whiskey, now and then — or a canter on a poney —

RANDOM.

But, while sir David is at his farm, your ladyship has probably your menagerie to attend. Is your ladyship fond of birds in that style?

LADY DUNDER.

Oh, no, I prefer a little canary in my closet, to all the birds of the air in England.

SCRUPLE.

(Aside.) No getting rid of her, I see.—I wonder your ladyship has given up walking too; the air of this garden is delightful.

RANDOM.

Charming! And this lawn before the house here.

(*Walking up to the glass door with* SCRUPLE.)

Enter KITTY, *running in with a bundle of flowers*, HARRIET *following*.

KITTY.

Oh, mamma! mamma! see what a big bundle of flowers I have got.

LADY DUNDER.

Hush, Kitty — consider!

KITTY.

Eh! what, company? Oh lud! Two Jemmies, I vow. Do, mamma, introduce us.

LADY DUNDER.

For heaven's sake, girl — gentlemen, give me leave to introduce —

KITTY.

Law mamma, you are so round about always. — I'll go and give 'em one of my best curtsies. — You'll see now: I'll do it in half the time —

(The men come from the glass door to the front of the stage. KITTY goes up to RANDOM, begins curtsying, looks in his face; drops the flowers, and screams.)

KITTY.

Oh!

RANDOM.

Ha! the young lady's taken ill.

(Running to her.)

LADY DUNDER.

Mercy on me! Why girl! why Kitty! What's the matter with you?

(They put her in a chair.)

KITTY.

Nothing, mamma — nothing — but something that —

RANDOM.

Something that was in the flowers, madam, I believe.

KITTY.

Yes, yes, — a great —

RANDOM.

A *great* wasp. I heard it buz by me, as you *dropt 'em.*

KITTY.

Yes, a wasp: it was so. I declare it has so flurried me; seeing what I so little expected.

(Looking at RANDOM.)

RANDOM.

How do you find yourself now, madam? A little flurried still, I'm afraid.

LADY DUNDER.

And I to be without my smelling-bottle too — bless me, why Harriet! you give no more assistance than —

(SCRUPLE at the beginning of the bustle goes round to HARRIET.)

HARRIET.

Excuse me, madam; but seeing my sister so suddenly taken ill —

SCRUPLE.

Has quite affected miss Harriet's spirits. One turn in the air will relieve them. If the young lady will give me leave to attend her into the garden—

LADY DUNDER.

You're extremely kind, sir: go, my love —

poor dear sympathetic girl! The gentleman will assist you.

SCRUPLE.

I'll take the tenderest care of her, be assured, madam.

(Exit SCRUPLE with HARRIET through the glass door.)

RANDOM.

If your ladyship wou'd favour us with a little hartshorn —

LADY DUNDER.

Lard! that I shou'd be so stupid as to leave my salts on the dressing-table! I'll run for them myself in a minute. Sit still, Kitty, my dear; a little of Dalmahoy's Pungent will relieve you presently, I warrant.

(Exit.)

RANDOM.

And now, my dear Kitty!

KITTY. (Rising.)

Hush! hush! lud! you have frighted me out of my wits: I have hardly breath to ask you a question. Where did you come from? Who brought you here? How long do you stay? and who do you go away with?

RANDOM.

I came from London; brought here by your father; stay till to-night; and go away with you, my angel. So much for question and answer.

KITTY.

With me! you might have asked my consent first, I think.

RANDOM.

Nay, nay, we have no time for forms, now. Your mother will be back instantly, and we may want opportunities: your father knows nothing of me, nor my friend; but picked us up at the inn with a common invitation: but delays might produce some cross accident to make our designs known, and defeat our plan. The family retires early, I find: we shall order a post-coach to the garden wall at eleven. Now Kitty, if we could but find the outside of a certain chamber door —

KITTY.

O gemini! you must not venture along the gallery. You and Mr Scruple will be at the farther end of it. All the visitors will sleep there. Papa and mamma next to you, and Harriet and

[redacted]

I beyond them. I would not venture out for the world.

RANDOM.

No, but if Scruple and I were to venture.

KITTY.

Oh! it would be to no purpose. We shall have nothing to do with it: you may creep about in the dark as much as you please, we won't assist you, I promise you. We won't — no — we won't even put a chair on the outside of the door, that you may know our room from the others.

RANDOM.

Thanks! thanks! my dear, sweet charming bewitching little —

(Embracing her.)

Enter LADY DUNDER, hastily.

LADY DUNDER.

Here are the salts.

RANDOM.

(Changing his tone, but without letting Kitty go.)

That's *right*, madam: lean upon me: walking *about* will be of infinite service, I am certain.

LADY DUNDER.

You're very good, indeed Mr Random. How are you now, Kitty?

KITTY.

Recovered vastly. Much easier since you left us, mamma. (Quitting RANDOM.)

LADY DUNDER.

Aye, aye, I knew it would be soon over: foolish girl, to be in a flutter at such a trifle! but come, we have troubled Mr Random too much already: we'll take our leaves, and dress for the day. — To be alarmed at an insect indeed!

KITTY.

Law, mamma, why not?

RANDOM.

Certainly there's more in it than your ladyship imagines.

LADY DUNDER.

Well, well; you're very good — but — ha, ha, ha! sir David will laugh finely at this — tottering in a chair — and — you won't forget to tell it at dinner, I dare say —

KITTY.

Well, I deserve to be laughed at, I see:

olish enough to be sure. Come, mamma —

aking her arm, and looking archly at RANDOM as she goes out).

u won't forget the chair, I dare say, Mr ndom.

(Exeunt KITTY and LADY DUNDER).

RANDOM. (Solus.)

So this even exceeds my warmest expecta-ns. If Scruple follows Harriet up closely, our ccess is certain: but he is so shilly shally. mn it if he lets her reflect we are lost. — omen were never born for reflection; and enever they have any, it's generally used to rn all our schemes topsy turvy.

(Exit.)

A garden belonging to Dunder Hall.

Enter HARRIET, and SCRUPLE.

SCRUPLE.

Why, Harriet! why torture me with these needless objections?

HARRIET.

Needless! good heaven's! How can I accept

your proposals? the indelicacy, the consequences which may follow; the steps, too, your friend is taking with my younger sister —

SCRUPLE.

My life on't, are guided by honour; and the emergency, the occasion, every thing conspires in urging us to take advantage of the moment. The scheme I have proposed is —

HARRIET.

In your present situation rash, even to madness: time too, without so hasty a proceeding, may produce circumstances in our favour. A little delay —

SCRUPLE.

Will occasion, perhaps, an eternal separation: you know my situation; know that with prudence, a virtue which, I confess, I have hitherto neglected, it may be essentially altered for the better: but the anxieties I shall suffer by delay; the engagements, which the commands of a father may oblige you to subscribe to, all convince me, if your regard continues, you will favour my warmest wishes. This very evening, Harriet —

HARRIET.

Impossible! Press me no further, I beseech

you. The peace of a family depends on my conduct. Parents have ties on me, Mr Scruple, which I should shudder to violate.

SCRUPLE.

Absurd! have not they proposed a match for you —

HARRIET.

A detested one, I own; but a thousand accidents may prevent its going forward; and, till I see the strongest necessity for securing my own happiness, I dare not risk the happiness of others, so very, very near to me.

SCRUPLE.

Still, still Harriet, this delay! why take pleasure in tormenting me!

HARRIET.

It is not in my nature: bred up in the country, I have imbibed notions, which the refinement of a town education might term romantic: for I have preferred happiness to splendour; nor have I blushed to own to you, the affections of an honest, generous mind, have much more weight with me, than the allurements of pomp and fortune: apprized of these sentiments, tempt me no more, I beg, sir; nor strive to take ad-

vantage of a partiality, which would be ill-placed on one who would recommend to me so inconsiderate a behaviour.

(Warmly.)

SCRUPLE.

Confusion! But I am to blame, madam; I have relied too much on that partiality, which I see, cannot surmount the slightest obstacles. I see I have offended; I shall soon quit a house, madam, where I find my presence is disagreeable —

(Going.)

HARRIET.

Unkind! ungenerous man! you, too, who read my heart; who see its tenderness, and what this struggle costs me: but prudence urges your departure; go then; I cannot, dare not, follow you: my actions are not at my own disposal. Ah! if they were, I'd share my fortunes with you to be happy.

SCRUPLE.

Dear, sweet simplicity! O Harriet, forgive my petulance; pardon a passion, whose warmth consumes all bounds. Yes, yes, I will be prudent, for your sake, Harriet: and yet I must

[redacted]

not lose you; but wish and wait for happier times.

HARRIET.

The times will come assure yourself. My father may put off this match.

SCRUPLE.

If he should hasten it.

HARRIET.

Why then — nay, nay, you know my weakness.

SCRUPLE.

Then I will be content; you must at last be mine. (Taking her hand.) Till then, I'll watch with anxious care about you; still cherish hopes, still curb them at your bidding. Prudence shall chasten passion; prudence, which, like this fan, my Harriet, tempers the bosom's heat, but never chills it.

HARRIET.

Then keep it (Giving the fan); keep it as an emblem of your conduct: and when I claim it, which one day no doubt I shall, be it from difficulties — removed or yet increasing, or from whatever cause, when once I take it, account me all your own.

SCRUPLE.

My lovely girl! O may that day —

SIR DAVID. (Without.)

Hollo! girls! plague on't, why where the deuce.—

(Enters.)

Oh! here you are, aha! got acquainted already — that's right : he's as pretty a promising sprig of a — what's he talking of? somewhat sensible? mentioning me?

SCRUPLE.

We were just talking of you, indeed, sir David.

SIR DAVID.

Like enough; what you've got my young puss in a corner?

SCRUPLE.

I was explaining to miss Harriet, sir.—

SIR DAVID.

I know it; isn't she an apt scholar? had it all from me; sticks to a point, keeps close to a subject; harkee, Hal; got news for you; lookee, a letter from London.

HARRIET.

About me, papa?

SIR DAVID.

Every tittle. Full of flames, settlements, constancy, contracts, peace and pin-money — made up the match; here it is (*Shewing the letter*) as neat a mixture of love and law; nothing but harmony and business; just like a drum; all music and parchment. You'll stay the wedding, won't you?

SCRUPLE.

That I'm afraid will be out of my power.

SIR DAVID.

Pooh! prithee, 'twon't be long; make us monstrous happy: Random, and you now, eh! shall make no noise about it. Just a snug party. Only a few friends, a roasted ox, a blind fiddler, and a hop in the hall.

SCRUPLE.

May I ask the gentleman's name?

SIR DAVID.

Lord Snolts. D'ye know him?

SCRUPLE.

His person only, which is by no means in his favour: his lordship is somewhat gummy, extremely short too, sir David.

SIR DAVID.

Ha! no great hopes of his growing neither. My lord will be five and forty come Lammas, I take it.

SCRUPLE.

Rather an advanced age to begin making love.

SIR DAVID.

Right, we shan't lose a moment; he has been making money however this long time; rich as a Rabbi.

SCRUPLE.

Money I fear, sir David, is not the only ingredient necessary in matrimony.

SIR DAVID.

No, what else?

SCRUPLE.

The power of Cupid sometimes.

SIR DAVID.

Curse Cupid! he has not a halfpenny to buy him breeches. A love match won't light you a candle, egad.

SCRUPLE.

And yet a stupid, old ugly husband, is —

SIR DAVID.

I know it: like a heavy old fashioned piece of plate — always handsome when he's rich.

HARRIET. (After reading the letter.)

Be here to-morrow! Bless me, this is so sudden, so unexpected!

SIR DAVID.

Right! the best way in the world in these cases. All settled now, but the ceremony; that we'll finish as soon as possible. — Marriage is a kind of cold bath, Hal! never stand trembling on the brink: dash away — one plunge, a slight shock, and the business is over.

HARRIET.

But you know, papa, I have scarcely ever seen his lordship: it will be so hasty.

SIR DAVID.

Be quiet; I know it; married so myself, Hal. Shouldn't have had my dear lady Dunder if I had not been hasty. All agreed on before we met; coupled in a quarter of an hour after I saw her; come together as people dance minuets; I bowed, she curtseyed, and, egad, I had her by the left hand in a moment.

SCRUPLE.

But the case here is different. Her ladyship had but little reasons for wishing delay: if all *husbands*, indeed, had equal accomplishments.

SIR DAVID.

Eh! why something in that; men ar'n't all alike; every body is not blessed with manner and stile to — eh! — few such figures as I. But Hal, here, is grave, and studies the mind. My lord has told her his already you know. So as soon as he comes, why —

HARRIET.

Let me entreat you, sir, not to be so precipitate; let me take a little time to —

SIR DAVID.

Take time! Pooh, time steals too fast to be taken, now, Hal. My lord leaves London to-morrow, be here to dinner, to church, in the evening to — eh? — why what ails you? Look as red, and as pale as —

HARRIET.

The weather, sir, nothing more — the heat of the —

SIR DAVID.

Odso, true; forgot that. Been broiling here in the sun, like a lot of negroes: we'll walk to the house, and —

HARRIET.

I attend you; but it has really so overcome

me — I — I almost want strength to follow you. (Embarrassed.) I want —

SCRUPLE.

Your fan, madam.

SIR DAVID.

Aye, right: a few flaps in the face would bring her about in a second.

SCRUPLE.

This, madam, which you have just permitted me the honour of carrying for you.

SIR DAVID.

Eh! did she? Give it her. Take it, Hal.

HARRIET.

Shall I, papa?

SIR DAVID.

To be sure. Can't well do without it, I think, at present. A mighty civil, dangling, well-bred sort of a — carries it o' purpose for you, you see, to give you on all occasions.

HARRIET. (Hesitating.)

If then, on this occasion, the gentleman will return it.

SCRUPLE. (Presenting it.)

With the utmost pleasure, believe me, madam.

SIR DAVID.

Well done, Dangle, egad! Flap away, Hal. Do you a deal of good.

HARRIET. (Fanning.)

How refreshing to the spirits!

SIR DAVID.

Yes, so it's a sign. En't it, you?

SCRUPLE.

Certainly — it is — it is a sign, sir David.

SIR DAVID.

I know it. Women can't do without 'em. All their airs and graces depend upon it. The tap, flap, flirt, crack, peep, pat, and a hundred uses besides, which I have no notion of.

HARRIET. (Fanning.)

It would not be proper, if you had, papa?

SIR DAVID.

Like enough: but let's in, and open our budget: quite delight my lady with the news: she'll be in a hell of a pucker. A fine fuss with preparations to morrow, I warrant: up to the neck in beef, gowns, ducks, jewels, ribbons, and puff pastry. Come, Hal. (Going out.) Soon have your swain kissing your hand. (SCRUPLE kisses it.) Come along: soon settle this. Kitty

will be coupled next. Cares all over; and I can now safely swear that most of my uneasiness is behind me.

(Exeunt.)

(SCRUPLE courting HARRIET, behind SIR DAVID, in dumb shew.)

SCENE *in the Ship.*

Enter PEERY, meeting ROUNDFEE and QUIRK.

PEERY.

I hope, gentleman, you have every thing to your satisfaction.

ROUNDFEE.

I wish we had with all my heart.

PEERY.

I am very sorry any thing shou'd happen amiss. I do all for the best, your honours—(Aside.) for people in post-chaises.

QUIRK.

Well, and how goes your house? are you tolerably full at present, eh, landlord?

PEERY.

Um! Full enough in the larder, your ho-

nour. Plenty of fowls, ducks, geese, and pigeons; and butchers meat in abundance: mutton chops, lamb chops —

ROUNDFEE.

Damn chops: we don't want victuals: cram us with news.

QUIRK.

But what company have you? Any body of note now? Any body that makes a noise in your house?

PEERY.

Let me see — first, there's my wife —

ROUNDFEE.

Pshaw! we have nothing to do with your wife, man; we want an acquaintance or two.

QUIRK.

Aye, hav'nt you two — two young gentlemen, for instance, above stairs?

PEERY.

Hum! — there's a very old one in the back parlour.

ROUNDFEE.

Oh the devil!

PEERY.

Two young gentlemen indeed came down

from London about seven this morning and they —

BOTH.

What! What!

PEERY.

Went away about eight, I believe.

ROUNDFEE.

Damnation! I thought so.

QUIRK.

But were they tall or short, or fat or lean, or—

PEERY.

Eh! One was in a grey coat, and the other in a green one. (Aside.) Very inquisitive.

ROUNDFEE. (To QUIRK.)

The very clothes we heard at the hotel they sat out in. What shall we do, Quirk? How shall we turn?

QUIRK.

Back.

ROUNDFEE.

Let's enquire further, however — I suppose now, landlord, you'd like to see two such gentlemen again in your house?

PEERY.

Certainly, your honour! They are friends of yours, I imagine?

QUIRK.

Why, we should be glad to see 'em again. I promise you. Do you expect 'em back, shortly?

PERRY.

Oh yes, in a day or two, I make no doubt.

ROUNDFEE.

Indeed! I am rejoiced to hear it.

PERRY.

Nay, perhaps sooner — I guess where they are gone; hardly out of sight of Dover.

QUIRK.

Ah! at Calais, no doubt — or at Boulogne, edging the coast, as you say, Mr Roundfee.

PERRY.

And from what I could gather from the servant, I make no doubt, but their occasions will make them come quickly to our town again.

ROUNDFEE.

Rare news, Quirk — you're a very clever, sensible, intelligent, fellow, landlord; I am so happy at the thought of seeing my old friends again — 'gad I — I begin to find my stomach returning — so you'll get us a chop, and half a pint of your best port.

PERRY.

It shall be done, sir. (Aside.) Stingy scoundrel! Here Lewis.

Enter WAITER.

PERRY.

Lay a cloth in the back room, up two pair of stairs, d'ye hear?

WAITER.

Very well, sir. There's the packet just put into the harbour, sir.

PERRY.

Ha! Any body particular?

WAITER.

Mr Random and another gentleman are coming up the quay, sir.

ROUNDFEE.

Eh! Who?

QUIRK.

Random! Put back again by all that's lucky.

PERRY.

Odso! A rare customer! Run, Lewis.

(Exit WAITER.)

PEERY.

Your snack shall be ready presently, gentlemen, and —

QUIRK.

But stop and —

PEERY.

And every thing to your satisfaction, gentlemen — and —

ROUNDFEE.

We want to —

PEERY.

Hot, and hot, gentlemen.

ROUNDFEE.

Plague of your —

PEERY.

And I am your very humble servant, gentlemen! Coming!

(Exit bawling.)

ROUNDFEE.

Huzza! rare news, Quirk. The luckiest hit in the world! They are just come on shore, you see, and we shall come in for the cash, at least their persons, which is something towards it, directly. Come, come, we'll send for an



icer whilst we are at dinner; and drinking a
rry meeting.—Come, my dear Quirk, we'll
on settle the business I warrant; and then
er our hot post-chaise scamper, and I've
ide sure of my money, we'll travel back
wly, at our ease, in the Dilly.

(Exeunt.)

6

ACT III. SCENE I.

A room in the Ship, at Dover.

Enter OLD RANDOM leaning on CARNEY.

OLD RANDOM.

Gently, gently, good Carney! The cursed sea breeze has got hold of my hip, and I can no more move, at first setting off, than a post horse.

CARNEY.

There! there! gently — and now, Mr Random, many welcomes to England again. We, have been feeding on french air, like cameleons, and you have grown as strong and as stout as a camel.

OLD RANDOM.

But I have a huge lump of cares on my back notwithstanding.

CARNEY.

But health is the great thing to care about. Why you look as hale and as hearty as ever.

OLD RANDOM.

Indeed! do you think so, Carney?

CARNEY.

Think! I know it.

OLD RANDOM.

It has been of service. Before I went over I was as pale and as puffy — flesh without colour, and my face peeping thro' a parcel of wrappers.

CARNEY.

For all the world like a mummy.

OLD RANDOM.

How! why don't you see now —?

CARNEY.

Oh! quite another thing, sir.

OLD RANDOM.

Another thing, sir! Why, you booby, I am as well as ever I was in my life, except a few pains, a gout and a cough.

CARNEY.

Very true, sir.

OLD RANDOM.

Very true! Then why are you so very costive in your congratulations? Oh the south of France is the best physician in the world — if

so depraved. I dare say he'll be overjoyed to see you. (Pompously.) I am sure, for my part.

OLD RANDOM.

Aye, aye, you are a good soul, Carney, and don't know what ingratitude means — at least I think you don't, for you are continually telling me so — but he — didn't I intend to make him my sole heir, and leave him every thing, except my plate, and my pictures, and my houses, and my money? and see his gratitude! You are talking to me from morning to night of regard and attachment; now he has never made half a dozen of those fine professions in his life.

CARNEY.

Where is he now?

OLD RANDOM.

Rattling all over the town I suppose, with his friend Mr Scruple, without a guinea in his pocket; living like other fashionable puppies, on what he has least of, his wits; laughing at every man who has sense enough not to act and dress, like himself — and this is *ton* and fashion now-a-days. Dam'me, he's hardly

fit for any thing. What can I do with him, Carney?

CARNEY.

Um! Put him in the Guards, Mr Random.

Enter PEERY.

OLD RANDOM.

Ha! honest Peery!

PEERY.

I hope I see you well, sir? your honour looks charmingly since I had the honour of seeing your honour.

OLD RANDOM. (To CARNEY.)

See there! How the alteration strikes strangers. And any news, master Peery? any thing stirring lately?

PEERY.

Nothing particular, except since your honour arrived —

OLD RANDOM.

Well, and what happened then? Any body enquiring after me? Who is it?

PEERY.

Two very inquisitive people.

OLD RANDOM.

Oh! custom-house officers, I imagine.

PEERY.

No, they came from London — they've asked a vast deal about your honour. Seem rejoiced to hear your honour's arrived.

OLD RANDOM.

Very civil of 'em. I see nothing particular in this, master Peery.

PEERY.

And I believe they have sent for a constable for your honour.

OLD RANDOM.

For me, Mr Peery!

CARNEY.

Impossible! For what?

PEERY.

Um! perhaps they think his honour's a spy.

CARNEY.

Mercy on us! We shall be both apprehended for runners.

OLD RANDOM.

I apprehend that you are a blockhead! runners! Why I can hardly walk, and never spy any thing without spectacles. Why, what's the meaning of all this?



PERRY.

I can guess at no other reason they can have for taking up you, who are just come from France — but perhaps your honour may remember some capital crime you have committed. I am sure 'squire Random, a gentleman of six thousand a year, can never want money.

Enter BAILIFF and FOLLOWER.

BAILIFF.

Is your name Random, sir?

OLD RANDOM.

Well, sir, suppose it is?

BAILIFF.

Then, sir, you are my prisoner.

OLD RANDOM.

The devil I am?

BAILIFF.

At the suit of Ralph Roundfee, money scrivener of London, for three thousand pounds.

PERRY.

The squire arrested for debt! — it can't be.

CARNEY.

I should sooner suspect myself.

LD RANDOM.

s crony, by Jupiter! and I arrested for the dog's debts foot in England — a profli- I'll — one moment, if you e, Peery! you see this busi-

PEERY.

LD RANDOM.

of any Mr Scruple be men-

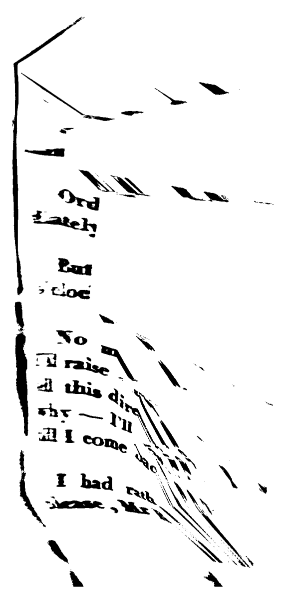
PEERY.

wo young merchants, as sure David carried off in his car- ;.

LD RANDOM.

PEERY.

I recollect, one called the e enough.



OLD RANDOM.

l, well, you see the mistake — you e bail in this business.

PEERY.

›, I! Lord, your honour!

OLD RANDOM.

ıe, no words. Who is this sir David, lk of?

PEERY.

David Dunder, of Dunder Hall — lives y.

OLD RANDOM.

›r a post-chaise. I'll drive there imme-
.

PEERY.

it's so late, your honour. Past ten
..

OLD RANDOM.

matter: I'll raise the house. Zounds! ıe the dead, but I'll be at the bottom of s directly: and if you are shy about bail, – I'll leave honest Carney here in pawn, ome back.

CARNEY.

ad rather keep you company, if you , Mr Random.

PEERY.

Why, as it appears like a mistake, sir; and I have known you backwards and forwards so long, and your estate — and —

OLD RANDOM.

Well, trundle these fellows down stairs. You'll accept of his undertaking.

BAILIFF.

We desire no better.

OLD RANDOM.

As to this Mr What's his name? Mr Roundfee, who is in the house, not a word of it to him, till I return; for particular reasons.

PEERY.

Every thing shall be done to your satisfaction, sir. Come, gentlemen, we'll proceed to the cellar, if you please; the best lock-up house in Christendom.

CARNEY.

Mercy on us; what an escape!

OLD RANDOM.

An escape! a scoundrel! an abandoned — what do you think now of all this, Carney?

CARNEY.

Think! why, I — what do you think?

[redacted]

OLD RANDOM.

That you are a blockhead, not to see the meaning of all this: that my son's a blockhead to behave so; and that I am a greater blockhead than any body to suffer it. Zounds! I can hardly contain myself. I'll never see his face again. Come along, Carney: I'll be with him, and sooner than he suspects, I believe: I'll unkennel him, I warrant you: I'll disclaim him, I'll discard him, I'll undermine him, I'll undo him — dam'me, I'll unget him: — that's disinherit him. — He shall rot in a jail; rot me, if he shan't: I'll teach him what it is to run in debt in person, and get arrested by proxy!

(Exeunt.)

RANDOM.

Pooh! never have done with your doubts and objections?

SCRUPLE.

Surely her being up is an objection of some weight.

RANDOM.

Certainly, she's of great weight in the house —for which reason she's gone quite to the bottom of it. She must have devilish good ears to hear us there; for we shan't come within a mile of her. But have you heard any thing of Tiptoe?

SCRUPLE.

No: do you expect him?

RANDOM.

Yes; I sent him to Dover, with orders to bring the carriage and horses to the back gate of the garden. It's turned of eleven too, I take it. Look what's o'clock, will you?

SCRUPLE.

Look! why it requires the eyes of a cat. It's as dark as a dungeon.

RANDOM.

Odso, I had forgot; but he'll be here pre-

sently: I have been obliged to let him into the secret: he has procur'd a key of the back-door, and will slide up to my chamber, which he has had an opportunity of marking, he tells me, in his own way, to give us intelligence.

SCRUPLE.

Well, if he is but punctual—

RANDOM.

Oh! you may depend upon him: but, till he comes, we may as well prepare our fair companions. I'll try and find out the chair, which is against their dressing-room door where they are in waiting. (Feeling about.) Their bed-chamber is beyond it; so I may enter without infringing the rules of etiquette, you know.

SCRUPLE.

Hadn't I better go with you?

RANDOM.

No, no; stay here as an outpost: I shall soon be back.

SCRUPLE.

Gently—no mistakes now.

RANDOM.

Never fear! So, here's the chair.

SCRUPLE.

Remember — caution's the word.

RANDOM.

Aye, and expedition too. The house must divide, you know: so the sooner we clear the gallery the better. (Taps.)

(Door opens, and he enters into the women's chamber.)

SCRUPLE.

How awkward I feel in this business! It's the first time I ever entered into a scheme of this sort; and am now convinced no man ever thinks of running away without being cursedly frightened.

(Tiptoe, singing without.)

"So great a man, so great a man I'll be!"

SCRUPLE.

Hark! What's that? Ha! a light. How the devil now am I to find out my room again? It comes nearer and nearer. I must venture. I have three chances to one of doing no mischief; and I dare say, my unlucky stars (or rather my want of any stars at all) will direct me to sir David. So, here's somebody's chamber; I must in, at all hazards.

(Goes into the same chamber he came out of.)

Enter TIPTOE, with a dark-lanthorn, singing, and drunk.

TIPTOE.

Here I am at last! What a plaguy parcel of turnings and windings, to get up to this old crazy gallery! umph! It has made me as giddy as a goose. Now for my masters — damn my masters! Scamper! Scamper! Scamper! — 'Twon't do — no; never fit for me. Give me a regular, steady, sober family for my money. If it hadn't been for the lanthorn I begg'd of the old boy at the inn — I was forc'd to treat the drunken scoundrel before he would give it me — I might have tumbled over the bannisters. Mr Random, now I think on't, ordered me to come in the dark! Umph! Gentlemen make no more of servants' necks now-a-days — they think we've one to spare, like the Swan in Lad-lane, I believe. But softly! softly! No noise. I must go to the chamber to tell him the carriage is ready. Let me see — it's the last door but one, at one end of the gallery; but whether it's to the right — or to the left, — curse me if I recollect. Stay —

(Turning round, and counting the doors.)

One — two — three. — Dam'me, how the doors dance! I shall never find the right, if they take it in their heads to run round so confoundedly. I remember—

(Taking the chair, and drawing it along.)

when I lived with old lady Hobble, she always sat still at Ranelagh to find out her company. Now, as these gentlemen here (pointing to the doors) chuse to take a Ranelagh round, I think I had better sit quiet in the middle of 'em, till my old acquaintance comes by.

(Pulls the chair against the next door, and sits down.)

Zounds! how fast somebody sleeps — sir David, perhaps. What the devil am I to do now? Get my head broke for not calling my master; and my bones broke, if I should happen to call any body else instead of him. As that is the case, I'll call nobody, egad! — I'll e'en go back to the carriage, and wait till they come for me. So — gently — steady. —

(Exit singing.)

SCRUPLE. (After a pause, opens his door.) Once more every thing is quiet. I can't conceive who it could be so long with a light in the gallery. I had best give Random notice of what has happened; that in case we are watched, he may be upon his guard. Hereabouts the door must be —

(Goes to the door, RANDOM entered.)

Eh! no chair — 'sdeath, this is sir David's! A pretty blunder I shou'd have made! (Goes to the next.) O here it is at last. (Taps at the door.) What a number of accidents this little contrivance has prevented! I had better explain to him what has happened in the inside of my chamber; for it's dangerous waiting on the outside a moment, I find. What the deuce keeps him so long now? (Taps again.)

(SIR DAVID opens the door in his bed-gown and night-cap.)

SIR DAVID.

Well?

SCRUPLE.

Hush! it's I.

SIR DAVID.

I!

SCRUPLE.

Softly! Softly! Zounds, you are guarded! Follow me! Quick, quick! low *me*, and you shall hear all.

(Exit, into his own chamber.)

SIR DAVID.

Follow *me!* Damn'd if I do tho'. Ca a step without running the risk of break nose. Cursed queer! A fellow in the dar no name — a rascal, to rob the hous haps — gad, it has put me all in a twitte

RANDOM comes out with a bundle, from the chamber.

RANDOM.

St! St!

SIR DAVID.

Eh!

RANDOM.

'Tis I.

SIR DAVID. (Aside.)

So! here's t'other I.

RANDOM.

Where are you? Here! hold this

(*Thrusting it into his hands.*) Why what makes you shake so? Are you cold here?

SIR DAVID. (*Aside.*)

Zounds, a thief! — He'll cut my throat if I cry out.

RANDOM.

For shame, flurried at such a trifle as this! But there's no knowing even one's friends till they're tried, I see.

SIR DAVID. (*Aside.*)

Most of your friends have been tried, I dare say.

RANDOM.

But we shall have a whole cargo to carry. Stay where are you now. Don't stir for your life, and I'll be back in an instant. We'll soon make an end, I warrant you.*

(*Returns into the women's chamber.*)

SIR DAVID.

That you will — a pretty public one too, I take it. Mercy on me! How shall I get away? The dog's given me a bundle here as big as a child. I shall be brought in for a new kind of *burglary* — cast for breaking into my own

house, and hanged for robbing myself of my property. My lady's locked up below, I suppose; bound back to back with the old housekeeper: or gagged and ravished, poor quiet soul, with the rest of the family females. If I could but contrive to — (Feeling about.)

SCRUPLE. (Putting out his head.)

Hollo!

SIR DAVID. (Aside.)

Oh, the devil! There's one in every corner — a whole banditti playing at bopeep.

SCRUPLE.

Come, come, don't trifle now; I've something to say to you.

SIR DAVID. (Aside.)

The fellow don't know me in the dark. I'll deceive him.

SCRUPLE.

Nay this delay will —

SIR DAVID.

Hush.

SCRUPLE.

What's the matter? Any body coming?

SIR DAVID.

Yes — yes —

SCRUPLE.

Ha! We are discovered. In — in — (Shuts the door.)

SIR DAVID.

Now if I could but crawl down this back staircase. —

(Meets Random coming out, and runs against him.)

RANDOM.

Now, my dear Scruple, all's ready.

SIR DAVID. (Aside.)

Zounds, it's the two merchants!

RANDOM.

Our packing is all over —

SIR DAVID.

Indeed!

RANDOM.

Our two fair ones both equipt for flight.

SIR DAVID.

My Harriet? —

RANDOM.

Yes, and my Kitty — they'll be in our arms in an instant, you rogue! And we've nothing to do, but to lead 'em to the coach, and away *as fast as love*, money, and horses can carry us. *Did'nt I* tell you now, that your doubts were

all nonsense? but 'sdeath, you are so dull about it: your fears have so overcome you, that — why aren't you like me — all rapture, all passion?

SIR DAVID. (Shewing signs of agitation.)

Hem!

RANDOM.

Aye, this is right now! this is as it shou'd be. (Going.) But I'll go and bring 'em out. — (Turns back.) Ha! ha! ha! I can't help laughing to think what a damn'd clatter sir David will make by and by. His fat fubsy wife too; cackling about the house like an old hen that has lost her chickens.

SIR DAVID. (Aside.)

Old hen!

RANDOM.

And he too. Did you ever see such a tedious booby in your life? But I'll go and conduct our charge. By the bye has Tiptoe been here?

SIR DAVID.

No.

RANDOM.

Careless scoundrel! But we shall find him at the gate with the carriage, I suppose. Now for

to deliver our damsels from the clutches
obstinate fool of a father. A blockhead, to
to marry women to whom he pleases!
, no: whenever there's any forbidden fruit,
is not in human nature to rest easy till it is
tasted.

(Feeling for the door.)

SIR DAVID. (Keeping back.)

Liquorish dogs!

SCRUPLE. (Coming out.)

Why, what could he mean! There's no noise: all's quiet as can be. — Random.

RANDOM.

Well!

SCRUPLE.

Are you ready?

RANDOM.

Yes, yes; didn't I tell you so? We're coming.

SCRUPLE.

Well, well! Tiptoe has not been here.

RANDOM.

Pshaw! Plague, I know it; you told me so ready.

SCRUPLE.

Did I? When?

RANDOM.

Why this instant; but you are in such a flutter, you can't remember a word you say. But you have taken care of the bundle, I hope?

SCRUPLE.

Bundle! What bundle?

RANDOM.

That, that I gave you just now.

SCRUPLE.

Just now! not you indeed! Why you're in a flutter yourself.

RANDOM.

Pooh! pooh! I tell you the bundle I brought out of the room. The bundle that —

SCRUPLE.

Damn the bundle! I never saw it, nor felt it in all my life.

RANDOM.

Now how can you be so cursed obstinate? I put it into your own hands, and you shook as if you'd an ague.

SCRUPLE.

Shook! your memory is shook, I believe.

RANDOM.

Gad I cou'd have sworn I had given it you,

but we must not stand upon trifles now. Time's precious. —

(Opens the women's door — HARRIET and KITTY come out)

This way, this way. Now, ladies, we attend you.

KITTY.

Lud! it's as dark as pitch.

RANDOM.

Never fear.

HARRIET.

Heavens! how I tremble!

SCRUPLE.

Courage now, my Harriet, and we may soon defy every danger.

RANDOM.

Well said, courage! well said Cæsar, egad! 'Sdeath, madam, if you draw back now you spoil all. I'll bring you all thro' I warrant you.

HARRIET.

I fear I shall never bear up. The step I am taking, the weight on my spirits —

RANDOM.

Vapours! vapours, from being in the dark —nothing else, believe me, madam.

HARRIET.

My mother too—what will not she feel?

SCRUPLE.

Nay, pursue this no farther.

KITTY.

Mamma will be in a sweet bustle, I warrant. Rattling about sir David's ears for bringing you into the house.

SIR DAVID. (Behind.)

Be quiet, I know it.

KITTY.

Yes, that's exactly like him for all the world. Gemini, I shall never find my way.

RANDOM.

Stay! take my arm. Come, madam.—Scruple—arm in arm all four, and then for our march.

SIR DAVID. (Aside.)

March! dam'me but I'll muster among ye tho'—

(SIR DAVID comes forward between them. KITTY takes hold of SIR DAVID's and RANDOM's arms; HARRIET of SIR DAVID's and SCRUPLE's; all arm in arm, SIR DAVID in the middle.)

RANDOM. (Going.)

So, thus linked, he must be a cunning and a bold fellow too, that thinks of dividing us.

(A loud ringing at the bell.)

SCRUPLE.

Hark! somebody rings at the gate.

HARRIET.

Oh mercy! we shall be seen.

KITTY.

Lud! there's a light! hide! hide us, for heaven's sake. It's mamma as sure as I live.

SIR DAIVD. (Aloud.)

No, no! stay where you are. Come along, my lady! a light will do us a deal of good.

Enter LADY DUNDER with a light.

LADY DUNDER.

Servant, ladies and gentlemen! Mercy on me! sir David! girls! gentlemen!

SCRUPLE.

Confusion!

RANDOM.

Sir David!

SIR DAVID.

Yes, here we are — been frisking about like a parcel of rabbits. Our burrows are all empty.

LADY DUNDER.

Why what's the meaning of —

SIR DAVID.

Be quiet — meaning? treachery — mean to bamboozle us — dark night, rope ladders, garden gate, and Gretna Green — that's the meaning of it.

LADY DUNDER.

How! and is this the return for —

SIR DAVID.

Hush! aye is this the return for my open, hospitable, generous — I that put salt in your porridge, bread in your mouth, and steaks in your stomach; crammed every thing into you, but gratitude.

LADY DUNDER.

And came here on purpose I suppose with a trumped-up story of —

SIR DAVID.

Trump! dam'me, this will be their last trump I take it. (To the young ladies.) And you too! (To Harriet.) You! you that I intended to

link to a lord; to go and give up a peer for a pedlar! a merchant! a fellow here that lives, like a lobster, by salt water; a culler of pepper and spice; a trader in train oil, Greenland blubber, and China pipkins; or a black dealer in devils to sell at American markets.

SCRUPLE.

'Sdeath! What is all this?

RANDOM.

If you'll us leave, sir, to —

SIR DAVID.

Give! gad you'd have taken leave without asking — French leave if I had not been here; have smuggled my goods in the dark, trotted over the Tweed, and been hammered together by a bare-breeched blacksmith. A fine Scotch union, egad! my two rich roses here tied to a pair of poor pitiful thistles! but zounds! I'll have satisfaction.

LADY DUNDER.

For heaven's sake, my dear! — cool your choler a little, sir David.

SIR DAVID.

Be quiet. What have I had a sword bobbing between my legs, at Dover hops, and quiet

country meetings, for these twenty years; and now not rub off its rust, in the oily guts of a couple of whale catchers, for what I know to the contrary?

OLD RANDOM and CARNEY. (Without.)

OLD RANDOM.

Come along, Carney! late as it is, my gentleman can't escape now, I believe. (They enter.) Heyday! the whole family collected!

RANDOM.

My father! A pretty business we have made of it!

OLD RANDOM.

I beg pardon for this intrusion — but if sir David Dunder is here, and sees the occasion —

SIR DAVID.

I know it: see it all, already: fine occasion indeed (To OLD RANDOM): and you too, act as accomplices, do you? — an old fellow — sham? What you've a wig, now, I warrant, like a young counsellor's — squeezed over a toupee with a dapper tail peeping out between the tyes.

OLD RANDOM.

How!

CARNEY.

My worthy old friend means, sir —

SIR DAVID.

Hush — he *is* an old one, is he? means to run away with my wife, then, I suppose.

LADY DUNDER.

I fancy he'd find it a difficult matter to carry me off.

OLD RANDOM.

Run away! Not I. I came here after a couple of youngsters, that —

SIR DAVID.

Did you! There they are. Take 'em away with you: as pretty a pair as any in England: you may match 'em against all Europe, egad.

OLD RANDOM.

So, you are two pretty gentlemen; are not you? (To RANDOM.) And how dare you, sir, look me in the face, after your profligate proceedings? Not content neither in contracting debts, but you must have me, your poor father, you dog, arrested for 'em.

CARNEY.

Yes, and me too.

RANDOM.

I am at a loss how to comprehend, sir —

OLD RANDOM.

But that rascal, that rogue, Roundfee I think they call him, he can, I believe. Here have I and poor Carney just been taken into custody for you at Dover; while you have been playing your pranks at large all over the country.

SIR DAVID.

Eh! be quiet — cursed ungenteel though in you, if you are his father. Zounds! you have used me worse than they! Get yourself locked up for your son here, with a plague to you! that he and his friend may have time to run off with my daughters.

OLD RANDOM.

I! I have withdrawn my countenance long ago, I promise you.

SIR DAVID.

Ha! family failing. The son would have withdrawn his countenance too, if I'd let him.

OLD RANDOM.

How! what, attempt to —

SIR DAVID.

Be quiet. — I am the injured party; let me speak.

LADY DUNDER.

No, sir David, I'll —

SCRUPLE.

To end all confusion, I'll speak.

RANDOM. (Aside.)

What the deuce can Doubtful say now, after all?

SCRUPLE.

It is yourself, sir David, who have been chiefly to blame.

SIR DAVID.

Eh!

RANDOM. (Aside.)

He beats me all to nothing.

SCRUPLE.

Your unguarded kindness to strangers might have been attended with much more disagreeable consequences. You took our characters from report, I see; characters which we never thought of assuming.

SIR DAVID.

Oh! damn Paul!

SCRUPLE.

Our invitation was unsought: and though our manner of requiting your favours appears unjustifiable, you may congratulate yourself, that instead of being practised upon by men, unworthy your countenance, you have met with gentlemen.

SIR DAVID.

Here's two fine fellows! come into my house — going to carry off half on't on their shoulders — and then — I have met with gentlemen.

SCRUPLE.

Our conduct, sir David, is not so culpable as you imagine. A chance, like your present invitation, threw us in your daughters' way at Bath, and our continued affection (I think I may answer for my friend) may prove our motives are unguided by interest: as a further proof of it, we disclaim all views of their fortune. Bestow but their hands, sir David, and we shall be happy.

SIR DAVID.

Eh! zounds! something noble in that too.

LADY DUNDER.

But to think of carrying away our two

[redacted]

dear rosy girls here; handsomer than all the pale chits of the county.

SIR DAVID.

Hush! handsomer, ay, and richer too! with pockets full of money; housewives stuff'd with bank notes; and work bags crammed with guineas.

OLD RANDOM.

Indeed, I begin to think Dick is not such a sad dog as I took him for. Eh! Carney?

CARNEY.

I am perfectly of your opinion, Mr Random.

LADY DUNDER. (To RANDOM.)

And what has the other gentleman to say for himself?

KITTY.

Indeed, mamma, we are not much to blame, neither.

RANDOM.

Love, madam, all powerful love, must plead my excuse; a passion which may once have influenced your ladyship's delicate susceptible bosom.

LADY DUNDER.

Well, I vow the young man pleads so prettily in his defence that —

RANDOM.

If your ladyship and my father could forget past occurrences, and join with me in my suit to sir David for an union with his daughter — I hope my future conduct —

OLD RANDOM.

Um! — Why, as things are so, sir David; and my connections are pretty considerable — my estate pretty well known —

CARNEY.

A good six thousand a year; — I have known my good friend here some time, and have had his property under my eye, for these five years.

OLD RANDOM.

And his friend, I am happy to tell you, is as well connected as he is.

SIR DAVID.

Is he? — Well, as matters are — and as my lord might find a flaw here — an ugly business, not much to his liking — I think we can but in honour be off, — so to prevent cursed

[redacted]

country scandal, gabbling girls, ugly old maids, and all that — I think we may as well — my lady?

LADY DUNDER.

As you think proper, sir David — Harriet?

HARRIET.

We are bound now, madam, both by inclination and duty to follow your commands.

KITTY.

Yes, mamma, we are both bound.

SIR DAVID.

Well then; there, there! take one another — no words.

RANDOM.

And now, Kitty, I am your prisoner for life.

OLD RANDOM.

Remember, Roundfee, tho' — There you might have been a prisoner not much to your liking.

SIR DAVID.

What! a usurer! Dam'me, let's duck him.

OLD RANDOM.

Oh! he and his gentleman may be settled *with at leisure*. Their blunders have left them

to our mercy, and they merit none, I promise you; — fellows whose business it is to prey upon the unthinking, extort from the needy, and live upon the distresses of mankind, deserve very little compassion, when they are distressed themselves.

SIR DAVID.

I know it. — But here, however, they shall have no distresses to prey upon; no moping melancholy looks now. All's well, I hope, at last, as it ought to be — and nothing ought to give any of us, here, so much pleasure as looking, to-night, on a set of very merry faces.

(Exeunt.)

THE END.

EPILOGUE

WRITTEN

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE COMEDY.

Spoken in the Character of a News-Paper Writer.

(Squabbling behind the Scenes.)

I TELL you I must and will speak. How—not fit?
Pooh! prithee — I will but harangue 'em a bit.
(Comes forward.)
Excuse me, good folks — I'm just popt from the Pit.
I'm a Critic, my masters! I sneer, splash, and vapour;
Puff Party; damn Poets; in short — *Do* a Paper.
My name's *Johnny Grub* — I'm a vender of scandal,
My pen, like an auctioneer's hammer, I handle;
Knocking down reputations by one inch of candle!
I've heard out the play: but I need not have come.
I'll tell you a secret, my masters — but mum!

Tho' ramm'd in amongst you, to praise or to
mock it,
I brought my *Critique,* cut and dry, in my pocket.
We great paper editors, — strange it appears!
Can often, believe me, *dispense with our Ears.*
The author — like all other authors — well knowing
That *We* are the people to set him a going,
Has begg'd me, just now, in a flattering tone,
To publish a *friendly Critique* of his own.
Ev'ry good has its evil: We don't pay a *Souse* —
Neither We nor our friends, to come into the
House;
But then 'tis expected, because we are *free*,
We are bound to praise all the damn'd nonsense
we see:
Hence comes it, the houses, their emptiness
scorning,
At low ebb at night, *overflow* in the morning!
Hence audiences, seated at ease, at the play,
Are squeez'd to a mummy, poor devils, next day!
Even actors themselves will extort something
from us;
And the vilest performer's an actor — of *promise.*
While self-praising authors, write volumes on
volumes,
And puffs, every morning — like smoke — rise
in columns!

Our bard of to-night — I had tickl'd him sweetly!
Foists *his* puff upon me — damn it, mine was so
neatly
Work'd up — it's a pity — an excellent pill!
Some sweet — three parts sour — shall I read it?
— I will!
« Last night: *Little* Theatre: Comedy, — Name,
« WAYS AND MEANS — unproductive — plot blind,
« language lame!
« As the author *has* parts — *Our* advice, in this
« play,
« Is — new model the story — *but this by the way,*
« His dialogue too, — he may trust to *Our* Print,
« Is, tho' poor, gross and vulgar — *but this is a*
« *hint,*
« Impartial's our motto — there's really no end
« To his puns and his quibbles — *We speak as a*
« *friend.*
« That the actors had doubts on't, we cannot help
« thinking,
« For they all did their utmost to keep it from
« sinking. »
So much for *Ourselves.* — What the Author ad-
vances,
To support WAYS AND MEANS, will ne'er mend
his finances,
He calls it a light summer thing, — and, with
him,



His pun is all laugh, — and his quibble
In short his critique would so tire *you*
I must publish my own — or else some[illegible]
near it.
If, therefore, in any one paper you see
An abuse of the play, — whatsoever it be
Wherever the poet shall find a hard rub,
That paper, depend on't, is *done* by —
GRUB.

INKLE AND YARICO,

AN OPERA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

INKLE, ... a young Merchant, MEDIUM's nephew.
SIR CHRISTOPHER CURRY, Governor of Barbadoes.
MEDIUM, ... a Merchant.
CAMPLEY, ... a Captain in the army, in love with NARCISSA.
TRUDGE, ... Servant to INKLE.
Planters, etc.

YARICO, ... daughter of a deceased Indian Chief.
NARCISSA, ... the Governor's daughter.
WOWSKI, ... an Indian girl, servant to YARICO.
PATTY, ... maid to NARCISSA.

SCENE: first on the main of AMERICA, afterwards in BARBADOES.

INKLE AND YARICO.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An American forest.

Enter MEDIUM, running across the stage as pursued by the blacks.

NEPHEW! Trudge! run — scamper! scour — fly! Zounds, what harm did I ever do to be hunted to death by a pack of black blood-hounds! Why, nephew! Oh! confound your long sums in arithmetic! I'll take care of myself, and if we must have any arithmetic, dot and carry one for my money.

(Exit.)

Enter INKLE and TRUDGE hastily.

TRUDGE.

Oh! that ever I was born to leave pen, ink and powder for this!

INKLE.

Trudge, how far are the sailors before us?

TRUDGE.

I'll run and see, sir, directly.

INKLE.

Blockhead, come here. The savages are close upon us; we shall scarce be able to recover our party. Get behind this tuft of trees with me; they'll pass us, and we may then recover the ship with safety.

TRUDGE. (Going behind.)

Oh! Threadneedle-street! Thread—

INKLE.

Peace!

TRUDGE. (Hiding.)

— Needle-street.

(They hide behind trees. Natives cross. After a long pause, INKLE looks from the tree.)

[redacted]

INKLE.

Trudge.

TRUDGE. (In a whisper.)

Sir.

INKLE.

Are they all gone by?

TRUDGE.

Won't you look and see?

INKLE. (Looking round.)

So, all's safe at last. (Coming forward.) Nothing like policy in these cases; but you'd have run on like a booby! A tree, I fancy, you'll find in future the best resource in a hot pursuit.

TRUDGE.

Oh! charming! It's a retreat for a king, sir; Mr Medium, however, has not got up in it: your uncle, sir, has *run on like a booby*, and has got up with our party by this time, I take it, who are now most likely at the shore. But what are we to do next, sir?

INKLE.

Reconnoitre a little, and then proceed.

TRUDGE.

Then pray, sir, proceed to reconnoitre; for the sooner the better.

9.

INKLE.

Then look out, d'ye hear, and tell me if you discover any danger.

TRUDGE.

Eh! Oh lord! — the ship is under sail, sir.

INKLE.

They may report me dead, perhaps, and dispose of my property at the next island.

(The vessels appear under sail.)

TRUDGE.

Ah! there they go. (A gun fir'd.) That is the last report we shall ever hear from 'em, I'm afraid. — That's as much as to say, good bye to ye. And here we are left—two fine, full grown babes in the wood.

INKLE.

What an ill timed accident! Just too when my speedy union with Narcissa, at Barbadoes, would so much advance my interest. Something must be hit upon, and speedily; but what resource! (Thinking.)

TRUDGE.

The old one — a tree, sir; it's all we have for it now. What would I give now to be per-

ched upon a high stool, with our brown desk squeezed into the pit of my stomach, scribbling away on an old parchment! — But all my red ink will be spilled by an old black pin of a negro.

SONG.

A voyage o'er seas had not enter'd my head,
Had I known on which side to butter my bread.
  Heigho! sure I — for hunger must die!
I've sail'd like a booby; come here in a squall,
Where, alas! there's no bread to be buttered at all!
  Oho! I'm a terrible booby!
  Oh! what a sad booby am I!

In London, what gay chop-house signs in the street!
But the only sign here is of nothing to eat.
  Heigho! that I — for hunger should die!
My mutton's all lost; I'm a poor starving elf,
And for all the world like a lost mutton myself:
  Oho! I shall die a lost mutton!
  Oh! what a lost mutton am I!

For a neat slice of beef, I could roar like a bull:
And my stomach's so empty, my heart is quite full.
  Heigho! that I — for hunger should die!

But grave without meat, I must meet here my grave,
For my bacon, I fancy, I never shall save;
Oho! I shall ne'er save my bacon!
I can't save my bacon, not I!

TRUDGE.

Hum! I was thinking—I was thinking, sir—if so many natives could be caught, how much they might fetch at the West-India markets!

INKLE.

Scoundrel! is this a time to jest?

TRUDGE.

No, faith, sir; hunger is too sharp to be jested with. As for me, I shall starve for want of food. Now you may meet a luckier fate: you are able to extract the square root, sir; and that's the very best provision you can find to live upon. But I — (Noise at a distance.) Mercy on us! here they come again.

INKLE.

Confusion! deserted on one side, and pressed on the other, which way shall I turn? — This cavern may prove a safe retreat to us for the present. I'll enter, cost what it will.

TRUDGE.

O Lord, no, don't, don't! — We shall pay too dear for our lodging, depend on't.

INKLE.

This is no time for debating. You are at the mouth of it, lead the way, Trudge.

TRUDGE.

What! go in before your honour! I know my place better, I assure you. (Aside.) I might walk into more mouths than one perhaps.

INKLE.

Coward! then follow me.

(Noise again.)

TRUDGE.

I must, sir; I must! Ah! Trudge! Trudge! what a damn'd hole are you getting into!

(Exeunt into a cavern.)

SCENE II.

A cave, decorated with skins of wild beasts, feathers, etc. In the middle of the scene, a rude kind of curtain, by way of door to an apartment.

Enter INKLE and TRUDGE, as from the mouth of the cavern.

TRUDGE.

Why, sir! sir! you must be mad to go any farther.

INKLE.

So far at least we have proceeded with safety. Ha! no bad specimen of savage elegance. These ornaments would be worth something in England—We have little to fear here, I hope; this cave rather bears the pleasing face of a profitable adventure.

TRUDGE.

Very likely, sir! But for a pleasing face, it has the cursedest ugly mouth I ever saw in my life. Now do, sir, get off as fast as you can.

Now pray do, my good master, take my advice, and run away.

INKLE.

Rascal! talk again of going out, and I'll flea you alive.

TRUDGE.

That's just what I expect for coming in —

INKLE.

This curtain seems to lead to another apartment; I'll draw it.

TRUDGE.

No, no, no, don't, don't! We may be called to account for disturbing the company: you may get a curtain lecture, perhaps, sir.

INKLE.

Peace, booby, and stand on your guard.

TRUDGE.

Oh! what will become of us! Some grim seven foot fellow ready to scalp us.

INKLE.

By heaven! a woman!

As the curtain draws, YARICO and WOWSKI discovered asleep.

TRUDGE.

(Aside.) A woman! (Loud.) But let him come on; I'm ready, dam'me! I don't fear facing the devil himself. — Faith! it is a woman — fast asleep, too.

INKLE.

And beautiful as an angel.

TRUDGE.

And egad! there seems to be a nice little plump bit in the corner; only she's an angel of rather a darker sort.

INKLE.

Hush! keep back — she wakes.

(YARICO comes forward — INKLE and TRUDGE retire to opposite sides of the scene.)

SONG.

YARICO.

When the chace of day is done,
And the shaggy lion's skin,

Which for us our warriors win,
Decks our cell at set of sun,
Worn with toil, with sleep opprest,
I press my mossy bed, and sink to rest.

Then once more I see our train,
With all our chace renewed again:
Once more 'tis day,
Once more our prey
Gnashes his angry teeth, and foams in vain,
Again in sullen haste he flies,
Taken in the toil, again he lies,
Again he roars, and in my slumbers dies.

INKLE.

Our language.

TRUDGE.

Zounds! she has thrown me into a cold sweat.

YARICO.

Hark! I heard a noise! Wowski, awake! whence can it proceed!

She wakes Wowski, and they both come forward: Yarico towards Inkle, Wowski towards Trudge.

YARICO.

Ah! what form is this! — are you a man?

INKLE.

True flesh and blood, my charming heathen, I promise you.

YARICO.

What harmony in his voice! (Gazing.) What a shape! How fair his skin too!

TRUDGE.

This must be a lady of quality by her staring.

YARICO.

Say, stranger, whence come you?

INKLE.

From a far distant island, driven on this coast by distress, and deserted by my companions.

YARICO.

And do you know the danger that surrounds you here? Our woods are filled with beasts of prey; my countrymen too — (yet I think they cou'dn't find the heart) — might kill you. — It would be a pity if you fell in their way — I think I should weep if you came to any harm.

TRUDGE.

Oho! It's time, I see, to begin making interest with the chambermaid.

(Takes Wowski apart.)

INKLE.

How wild and beautiful! Sure, there's magic in her shape and she has rivetted me to the place; but where shall I look for safety?—Let me fly and avoid my death.

YARICO.

Oh! no, but — (As if puzzled) well then, die, stranger, but don't depart. I will try to preserve you, and if you are killed, Yarico must die too. Yet 'tis I alone can save you; your death is certain without my assistance; and indeed, indeed, you shall not want it.

INKLE.

My kind Yarico! but what means must be used for my safety?

YARICO.

My cave must conceal you; none enter it since my father was slain in battle. I'll bring you food by day, then lead you to our unfrequented groves by moonlight to listen to the nightingale. If you should sleep, I'll watch you, and wake you when there's danger.

INKLE.

Generous maid! then, to you I will owe my life; and whilst it lasts nothing shall part us.

YARICO.

And shan't it, shan't it indeed?

INKLE.

No, my Yarico! For when an opportunity offers to return to my country, you shall be my companion.

YARICO.

What! cross the seas!

INKLE.

Yes, help me to discover a vessel, and you shall enjoy wonders. You shall be decked in silks; my brave maid, and have a house drawn with horses to carry you.

YARICO.

Nay, do not laugh at me—but is it so?

INKLE.

It is indeed.

YARICO.

Oh! wonder! I wish my countrywomen could see me— But won't your warriors kill us?

INKLE.

No: our only danger on land is here.

YARICO.

Then, let us retire further into the cave. Come — your safety is in my keeping.

[redacted]

INKLE.

I follow you — Yet, can you run some risk in following me?

DUET.

INKLE.

O say, simple maid, have you form'd any notion
Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean?
When winds whistle shrilly, ah! won't they remind
you,
To sigh with regret for the grot left behind you?

YARICO.

Ah! no, I could follow, and sail the world over,
Nor think of my grot when I look at my lover!
The winds which blow round us, your arms for my
pillow,
Will lull us to sleep, whilst we're rock'd by each
billow.

BOTH.

O say then, my true love, we never will sunder,
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the big
thunder,
Whilst constant we'll laugh at all changes of
weather,
And journey all over the world both together.

(Exeunt thro' the cut of the rock.)

Manent TRUDGE and WOWSKI.

TRUDGE.

Why! you speak english as well as I, my little Wowski.

WOWSKI.

Iss.

TRUDGE.

Iss! And you learnt it from a strange man, that tumbled from a big boat, many moons ago, you say?

WOWSKI.

Iss — teach me — teach me good many.

TRUDGE.

And what became of him at last? What did your countrymen do for the poor fellow?

WOWSKI.

Eat him one day—Our chief kill him.

TRUDGE.

Mercy on us! Ah! poor Trudge! your killing comes next.

WOWSKI. (Running to him anxiously.)

No, no — not you — no.

TRUDGE.

No? why, what shall I do if I get in their paws?

WOWSKI.

I fight for you!

TRUDGE.

Will you? Ecod! she's a brave good-natured wench; she'll be worth a hundred of your english wives, — whenever they fight on their husband's account, it's with him, instead of for him, I fancy. But how the plague am I to live here?

WOWSKI.

I feed you—bring you kid.

SONG.

White man, never go away;
  Tell me, why need you!
Stay with your Wowski, stay;
  Wowski will feed you.
Cold moons are now coming in;
  Ah! don't grieve me!
I'll wrap you in leopard's skin;
  White man, don't leave me!

And when all the sky is blue,
  Sun makes warm weather,
I'll catch you a cockatoo,
  Dress you in feather.

When cold comes, or when 'tis hot,
Ah! don't go grieve me!
Poor Wowski will be forgot—
White man, don't leave me!

TRUDGE.

If my master and I find our way to England, you shall be part of our travelling equipage: and when I get there, I'll give you a couple of long rooms on a first floor, and visit you every evening as soon as I come from the counting-house. Do you like it?

WOWSKI.

Iss.

TRUDGE.

Damme! what a flashy fellow I shall seem in the city! I'll get her a white boy to bring up the tea-kettle: then I'll teach you to write and dress hair.

WOWSKI.

You a great man in your country?

TRUDGE.

Oh! yes, a very great man; I am head clerk of the counting-house, and first valet-de-chambre of the dressing room. I pounce parchments,

powder hair, black shoes, ink paper, shave beards, and mend pens. But hold; I had forgot one material point—You ar'n't married, I hope?

WOWSKI.

No—you be my chum chum.

TRUDGE.

So I will. Well, as my master seems king of this place, and has taken his indian queen already, I'll e'en be usher of the black rod here. But you have had a lover or two in your time; eh, Wowski?

WOWSKI.

Oh! iss, great many.

(Exeunt)

SONG.

Freshly now the breeze is blowing;
As yon ship at anchor rides,
Sullen waves, incessant flowing,
Rudely dash against the sides:
So my heart, its course impeded,
Beats in my perturbed breast;
Doubts, like waves by waves succeeded,
Rise, and still deny it rest.

PATTY.

Well, ma'am, as I was saying —

NARCISSA.

Well, say no more of what you were
— sure, Patty, you forget where ye
little caution will be necessary now,

PATTY.

Lord, madam, how is it possible to help talking! We are in Barbadoes here to be sure — but then, ma'am, one may let out a little in a private morning's walk by ourselves.

NARCISSA.

Nay, it's the same thing with you in doors.

PATTY.

I never blab, ma'am, never, as I hope for a gown.

NARCISSA.

And your never blabbing, as you call it, depends chiefly on that hope, I believe; the unlocking my chest locks up all your faculties. An old silk gown makes you turn your back on all my secrets; a large bonnet blinds your eyes; and a fashionable high handkerchief covers your ears, and stops your mouth at once, Patty.

PATTY.

Dear ma'am, how can you think a body so mercenary! Am I always teasing you about gowns and gew-gaws, and fallals and finery? Or do you take me for a conjurer, that nothing will come out of my mouth but ribbons? I have told the story of our voyage, indeed, to old Guzzle, the

butler, who is very inquisitive, and, between ourselves, is the ugliest old quiz I ever saw in my life.

NARCISSA.

Well, well. I have seen him; pitted with the small-pox and a red face.

PATTY.

Right, ma'am. It's for all the world like his master's cellar, full of holes and liquor; but when he asks me how you and I think of the matter, why, I look wise, and cry, like other wise people who have nothing to say—All's for the best.

NARCISSA.

And, thus, you lead him to imagine I am but little inclined to the match.

PATTY.

Lord! ma'am, how could that be! Why, I never said a word about captain Campley.

NARCISSA.

Hush! hush! for heaven's sake.

PATTY.

Ay, there it is now — there, ma'am, I'm as mute as a mackerel; that name strikes me dumb in a moment. I don't know how it is, but captain Campley, some how or other, has the knack

of stopping my mouth oftener than any body else, ma'am.

NARCISSA.

His name again! Consider; never mention it, I desire you.

PATTY.

Not I, ma'am, not I. But if our voyage from England was so pleasant, it was n't owing to Mr. Inkle, I'm certain. He didn't play the fiddle in our cabin, and dance on the deck, and come languishing with a glass of warm water in his hand when we were sea-sick. Ah! ma'am, that water warm'd your heart, I'm confident. Mr Inkle! No, no; captain Cam—

NARCISSA.

There is no end to this! Remember, Patty, keep your secrecy, or you entirely lose my favour.

PATTY.

Never fear me, ma'am. Remember, I'm as close as a patchbox. Mum's the word, ma'am I promise you.

SONG.

This maxim let ev'ry one hear
Proclaim'd from the north to the south,

Whatever comes in at your ear
  Should never run out at your mouth.
We servants, like servants of state,
  Should listen to all and be dumb;
Let others harangue and debate,
  We look wise—shake our heads—and are mum.

The judge, in all dignity drest,
  In silence hears barristers preach,
And then to prove silence is best,
  He'll get up, and give 'em a speech.
By saying but little, the maid
  Will keep her swain under her thumb;
And the lover that's true to his trade
  Is certain to kiss and cry mum.

(Exit.)

NARCISSA.

How awkward is my present situation! Promised to one, who, perhaps, may never again be heard of; and who, I am sure, if he ever appears to claim me, will do it merely on the score of interest,—pressed, too, by another, who has already, I fear, too much interest in my heart—what can I do? What plan can I follow?

Enter CAMPLEY.

CAMPLEY.

Follow my advice, Narcissa, by all means. Enlist with me under the best banners in the world. General Hymen for my money.

NARCISSA.

Consider our situation.

CAMPLEY.

That has been duly considered. In short, the case stands exactly thus; your intended spouse is all for money; I am all for love. He is a rich rogue; I am rather a poor honest fellow. He would pocket your fortune; I will take you without a fortune in your pocket.

NARCISSA.

Oh! I am sensible of the favour, most gallant captain Campley; and my father, no doubt, will be very much obliged to you.

CAMPLEY.

Aye, there's the devil of it: sir Christopher Curry's confounded good character — knocks me up at once. Yet I am not acquainted with him neither; not known to him, even by sight; being here only as a private gentleman on a visit

to my old relation, out of regimentals, and so forth; and not introduced to the governor as other officers of the place: but then the report of his hospitality — his odd, blunt, whimsical friendship — his whole behaviour —

NARCISSA.

All stare you in the face; eh, Campley!

CAMPLEY.

They do, till they put me out of countenance. But then, again, when I stare *you* in the face, I can't think I have any reason to be ashamed of my proceedings,—I stick here between my love and my principle, like a song between a toast and a sentiment.

NARCISSA.

And if your love and your principle were put in the scales, you doubt which would weigh most?

CAMPLEY.

Oh, no! I should act like a rogue, and let principle kick the beam; for love, Narcissa, is as heavy as lead, and, like a bullet from a pisto' could never go thro' the heart if it wan' weight.

NARCISSA.

Or rather, like the pistol itself, th

es off without any harm done. Your fire must
nd in smoke, I believe.

CAMPLEY.

Never, whilst —

NARCISSA.

Nay, a truce to protestations at present.

SONG.

RONDEAU.

Mars would oft, his conquest over,
To the Cyprian goddess yield;
Venus gloried in a lover,
Who, like him, could brave the field.
Mars wou'd oft, etc.

In the cause of battles hearty,
Still the god would strive to prove,
He who fac'd an adverse party,
Fittest was to meet his love.
Mars wou'd oft, etc.

Hear then, captains, ye who bluster,
Hear the god of war declare,
Cowards never can pass muster,
Courage only wins the fair.
Mars wou'd oft, etc.

Enter PATTY, hastily.

PATTY.

Oh lud! ma'am, I'm frightened out of my wits! sure as I'm alive, ma'am, Mr Inkle is not dead! I saw his man, ma'am, just now coming ashore in a boat, with other passengers, from the vessel that's come to the island.

(Exit PATTY.)

NARCISSA. (To Campley.)

Look ye, Mr Campley: something has happened which makes me wave ceremonies, — If you mean to apply to my father, remember that delays are dangerous.

CAMPLEY.

Indeed!

NARCISSA. (Smiling,)

I may'nt be always in the same mind, you know.

CAMPLEY.

Nay then — gad, I'm almost afraid too — but living in this state of doubt is torment: I'll e'en put a good face on the matter; cock my hat, make my bow, and try to reason the governor

into compliance. Faint heart never won a fair lady.

SONG.

Why should I vain fears discover,
  Prove a dying sighing swain?
Why turn shilly shally lover,
  Only to prolong my pain?

When we woo the dear enslaver,
  Boldly ask, and she will grant;
How should we obtain a favour,
  But by telling what we want?

Should the nymph be found complying,
  Nearly then the battle's won;
Parents think 'tis vain denying,
  When half our work is fairly done.

(Exeunt.)

Enter TRUDGE and WOWSKI (as from the ship) with a dirty Runner to one of the Inns.

RUNNER.

This way, sir; if you will let me recommend —

TRUDGE.

Come along, Wows! Take care of your furs and your feathers, my girl.

WOWSKI.

Iss.

TRUDGE.

That's right — Somebody might steal 'em, perhaps.

WOWSKI.

Steal! — What that?

TRUDGE.

Oh lord! see what one loses by not being born in a christian country!

RUNNER.

If you would, sir, but mention to your master the house that belongs to my master, the best accomodations on the quay —

TRUDGE.

What's your sign, my lad?

RUNNER.

The Crown, sir, — here it is.

TRUDGE.

Well, get us a room for half an hour, we'll come; and hark'ee! let it be light and d'ye hear? My master has been used to open apartments lately.

RUNNER.

Depend on it. — Much obliged to you, sir.

(Exit.)

WOWSKI.

Who be that fine man? He, great prince?

TRUDGE.

A prince—Ha! ha!—No, not quite a prince — but he belongs to the crown. But how do you like this, Wows? Isn't it fine?

WOWSKI.

Wonder!

TRUDGE.

Fine men, eh?

WOWSKI.

Iss: all white men like you.

TRUDGE.

Yes, all the fine men are like me, as different from your people as powder and ink, or paper and blacking.

WOWSKI.

And fine lady — face like snow.

TRUDGE.

What! the fine ladies' complexions! Oh! yes, exactly; for too much heat very often dissol· 'em! Then their dress too.

WOWSKI.

Your countrymen dress so?

TRUDGE.

Better, better a great deal. Why, a young flashy englishman will sometimes carry a whole fortune on his back. But did you mind the women? All here and there (*pointing before and behind*) they have it all from us in England. — And then the fine things they carry on their heads, Wowski.

WOWSKI.

You need not love me now.

TRUDGE

Not love you! Zounds! have not I given you proofs?

WOWSKI.

Iss, great many: but now you get here: you forget poor Wowski!

TRUDGE.

Not I: I'll stick to you like wax.

WOWSKI.

Ah! I fear! What make you love me now?

TRUDGE.

Gratitude, to be sure.

WOWSKI.

What that?

TRUDGE.

Ha? this it is now to live without education; the poor dull devils of the country are all in the practice of gratitude without finding out what it means, while we can tell the meaning of it with little or no practice at all — Lord, lord! what a fine advantage christian learning is! Hark'ee, Wowski!

WOWSKI.

Iss.

TRUDGE.

Now we've accomplished our landing, I'll accomplish you. You remember the instructions I gave you on the voyage?

WOWSKI.

Iss.

TRUDGE.

Let's see now; — what are you to do when I introduce you to the nobility, gentry, and others — of my acquaintance?

WOWSKI.

Make believe sit down; then get up.

TRUDGE.

Let me see you do it. (She makes a low curtsy.) Very well! and how are you to recommer-

yourself, when you have nothing to say, amongst all our great friends?

WOWSKI.

Grin — shew my teeth.

TRUDGE.

Right! they'll think you've lived with people of fashion: but suppose you meet an old shabby friend in misfortune, that you don't wish to be seen to speak to — what would you do?

WOWSKI.

Look blind — not see him.

TRUDGE.

Why would you do that?

WOWSKI.

'Cause I can't bear see good friend in distress.

TRUDGE.

That's a good girl! and I wish every body could boast of so kind a motive for such cursed cruel behaviour — odsbobs! I see Mr Inkle — Go in, Wows — call for what you like best.

WOWSKI.

Then, I call for you; ah! I fear I not see you often now. But you come soon —

[redacted]

SONG.

Remember when we walk'd alone,
  And heard so gruff the lion growl,
And when the moon so bright it shone,
  We saw the wolf look up and howl:
I led you well, safe to our cell,
        While tremblingly
        You said to me,
— And kiss'd so sweet — dear Wowski tell,
    How could I live without ye!

But now you come across the sea,
  And tell me here no monsters roar;
You'll walk alone, and leave poor me,
  When wolves to fright you howl no more.
But, ah! think well on our old cell,
        Where tremblingly
        You kiss'd poor me.
Perhaps you'll say — dear Wowski tell,
    How could I live without ye?

(Exit Wowski.)

TRUDGE.

Eh! oh! my master's talking to somebody on the quay: who have we here?

Enter First PLANTER.

PLANTER.

Hark'ee, young man! Is that young Indian of your's going to market?

TRUDGE.

Not she — she never went to market in all her life.

PLANTER.

I mean is she for our sale of slaves! our Black Fair?

TRUDGE.

A Black Fair! Ha! ha! ha! You hold it on a brown green, I suppose.

PLANTER.

She's your slave, I take it.

TRUDGE.

Yes; and I'm her humble servant, I take it.

PLANTER.

Aye, ay, natural enough at sea — But at how much do you value her?

TRUDGE.

Just as much as she has saved me — my own life.

PLANTER.

Pshaw! you mean to sell her!

TRUDGE. (Staring.)

Zounds! what a devil of a fellow! Sell Wows! — my poor, dear dingy wife!

PLANTER.

Come, come, I've heard your story from the ship. — Don't let's haggle; I'll bid as fair as any trader amongst us: but no tricks upon travellers, young man, to raise your price. — Your wife, indeed! why, she's no christian!

TRUDGE.

No; but I am; so I shall do as I'd be done by, master *Black Market;* and if you were a good one yourself, you'd know, that fellow feeling for a poor body, who wants your help, is the noblest mark of our religion (Aside.) I wou'dn't be articled clerk to such a fellow for the world.

PLANTER.

(Aside.) Hey-day! The booby's in love with her! — Why, sure, friend, you would not live here with a Black!

TRUDGE.

Plague on't; there it is. I shall be laughed out of my honesty here. — But you may be jogging, friend: I may feel a little queer, perhaps, at shewing her face — but dam'me! if ever I do

any thing to make me ashamed of shewing my own.

PLANTER.

Why, I tell you, her very complexion —

TRUDGE.

Rot her complexion! — I'll tell you what, Mr Fair Trader: if your head and heart were to change places, I've a notion you'd be as black in the face as an ink-bottle.

PLANTER.

Pshaw! The fellow's a fool — a rude rascal — *he* ought to be sent back to the savages again. He's not fit to live among us christians.

(Exit PLANTER.)

TRUDGE.

Oh! here he is at last.

Enter INKLE and another PLANTER.

INKLE.

Nay, sir, I understand your customs well; your Indian markets are not unknown to me.

SECOND PLANTER.

And as you seem to understand business, I

need not tell you that dispatch is the soul of it. Her name you say is —

INKLE.

Yarico; but urge this no more I beg you — I must not listen to it. For, to speak freely, her anxious care of me demands that here — though here it may seem strange — I should avow my love for her.

PLANTER.

Lord help you, for a merchant! — 'Tis the first time I ever heard a trader talk of love; except indeed the love of trade, and the love of the *Sweet Molly*, my ship.

INKLE.

Then, sir, you cannot feel my situation.

PLANTER.

Oh! yes, I can. We have a hundred such cases just after a voyage; but they never last long on land. 'Tis amazing how constant a young man is in a ship? But, in two words, will you dispose of her or no?

INKLE.

In two words then, meet me here at noon and we'll speak further on this subject: and lest you think I trifle with your business, hear why

I wish this pause. Chance threw me, on my passage to your island, among a savage people, deserted — defenceless — cut off from my companions — my life at stake — to this young creature I owe my preservation, — she found me like a dying bough, torn from its kindred branches, which, as it drooped, she moistened with her tears.

PLANTER.

Nay, nay, talk like a man of this world.

INKLE.

Your patience; — and yet your interruption goes to my present feelings; for on our sail to this your island — the thoughts of time mispent — doubts — fears — or call it what you will — have much perplexed me; and as your spires rose, reflection still rose with them; for here, sir, lie my interests, great connections, and other weighty matters, which now I need not mention —

PLANTER.

But which her presence here will mar —

INKLE.

Even so — And yet the gratitude I owe her —

PLANTER.

Pshaw! So because she preserved your life, your gratitude is to make you give up all you have to live upon.

INKLE.

Why, in that light indeed — This never struck me yet. I'll think on't.

PLANTER.

Aye, aye, do so. — Why, what return can the wench wish more than taking her from a wild, idle, savage people, and providing for her here with reputable hard work, in a genteel, polished, tender, christian country?

INKLE.

Well, sir, at noon.

PLANTER.

I'll meet you—but remember, young gentleman, you must get her off your hands, — you must indeed.

(Exit.)

INKLE.

Trudge.

TRUDGE.

Sir.



INKLE.

Have you provided a proper apartment

TRUDGE.

Yes, sir, at the Crown, here; a neat s
room, they tell me. You have not seen s
convenient lodging this good while, I be

INKLE.

Well, run to the end of the quay and co
Yarico hither, the road is straight before
You can't miss it.

TRUDGE.

Very well, sir. What a fine thing it
turn one's back on a master without ru
into a wolf's belly! One can follow one's
on a message here, and be sure it won't
off by the way.

(Exit.)

INKLE.

Let me reflect a little. — My interest, ho
engagements to Narcissa, all demand it
father's precepts too; I can remember w
was a boy what pains he took to mould n
From morn to night — the burthen of his
was—prudence! prudence! Thomas, and

rise. Early he taught me numbers, which he said — and he said rightly — would give me a quick view of loss and profit, and banish from my mind those idle impulses of passion which mark young thoughtless spendthrifts; his maxims rooted in my heart, and as I grew — *they* grew; till I was reckoned among our friends, a steady, sober, solid, good young man; and all the neighbours call'd me *the prudent Mr Thomas.* And shall I now at once kick down the character which I have rais'd so warily? — Part with her — sell her! — The thought once struck me in our cabin as she lay sleeping by me; but in her slumbers she past her arm around me, murmured a blessing on my name, and broke my meditations.

Enter YARICO and TRUDGE.

YARICO.

My love?

TRUDGE.

I have been shewing her all the wigs and bales of goods we met on the quay, sir.

YARICO.

Oh! I have feasted my eyes on wonders.

TRUDGE.

And I'll go feast on a slice of beef, in the inn here.

(Exit.)

YARICO.

My mind has been so busy, that I almost forgot even you: I wish you had staid with me, — you would have seen such sights!

INKLE.

Those sights are grown familiar to *me* Yarico.

YARICO.

And yet I wish they were not — You might partake my pleasures—but now again, methinks, I will not wish so — for, with too much gazing you might neglect poor Yarico.

INKLE.

Nay, nay, my care is still for you.

YARICO.

I'm sure it is: and if I thought it was not, I'd tell you tales about our poor old grot—bid you remember our palm-tree near the brook, where in the shade you often stretched yourself, while I would take your head upon my lap, and sing my love to sleep. I know you'll love me then.

SONG.

Our grotto was the sweetest place:
  The bending bough, with fragrance blowing,
Would check the brook's impetuous pace,
  Which murmured to be stopt from flowing.
'Twas there we met, and gazed our fill;
Ah! think on this, and love me still!

'Twas then my bosom first knew fear,
  Fear to an Indian maid a stranger;
The war song, arrows, hatchet, spear,
  All warned me of my lover's danger.
For him did cares my bosom fill;
Ah! think on this, and love me still!

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

An apartment in the house of sir CHRISTOPHER CURRY.

Enter sir CHRISTOPHER and MEDIUM.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

I tell you, old Medium, you are all wrong.

Plague on your doubts! Inkle shall have my Narcissa. Poor fellow! I dare say he is finely chagrined at this temporary parting — eat up with blue devils, I warrant.

MEDIUM.

Eat up by the black devils, I warrant, for I left him in hellish hungry company.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Pshaw! he'll arrive with the next vessel, depend on't — besides, have not I had this in view ever since they were children? I must and will have it so, I tell you. Is not it, as it were, a marriage made above? They *shall* meet, I'm positive.

MEDIUM.

Shall they? Then they must meet where the marriage was made, for, hang me! if I think it will ever happen below.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Ha! — and if that is the case—I think you'll never be at the celebration of it.

MEDIUM.

Yet, let me tell you, sir Christopher Curry, my character is as unsullied as a sheet of white paper.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Well said, old fool's-cap, and it's as mere a blank as a sheet of white paper.—You are honest, old Medium, by comparison, just as a fellow sentenced to transportation is happier than his companion condemned to the gallows,—very worthy because you are no rogue; tender hearted, because you never go to fires and executions; and an affectionate father and husband, because you never pinch your children, or kick your wife out of bed.

MEDIUM.

And that, as the world goes, is more than every man can say for himself.—But you're always so hasty: amongst the hodge-podge of your foibles, passion is always predominant.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

So much the better.—Foibles, quotha! foibles are foils that give additional lustre to the gems of virtue; you have not so many foils as I, perhaps.

MEDIUM.

And, what's more, I don't want'em, sir *Christopher*, I thank you.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Very true; for the devil a gem have you to set off with'em.

MEDIUM.

Well, well; I never mention errors; that, I flatter myself, is no disagreeable quality — It don't become me to say you are hot.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

'Sblood! but it does become you: it becomes every man, especially an Englishman, to speak the dictates of his heart.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

An english vessel, sir, is just arrived in the harbour.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

A vessel! Od's my life! — Now for the news, — if it is but as I hope. — Any dispatches?

SERVANT.

This letter, sir, brought by a sailor from the quay.

(Exit.)

SIR CHRISTOPHER. (Opening the letter.)

Huzza ! here it is. He's safe—safe and sound at Barbadoes.

(Reading.)

— Sir,

« My master, Mr Inkle, is just arrived in your « harbour.

Here, read, read, old Medium.

MEDIUM. (Reading.)

« — Um' Your harbour — we were taken « up by an english vessel on the 14 th ult. He « only waits till I have puffed his hair to pay « his respects to you, and miss Narcissa. In the « mean time he has ordered me to brush up this « letter for your honour from.

« Your humble servant to command,

TIMOTHY TRUDGE.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Hey day ! Here's a stile ! the voyage has jumbled the fellow's brains out of their places; the water has made his head turn round; but no matter; mine turns round too. I'll go and prepare Narcissa directly; they shall be married

slap-dash as soon as he comes from the quay. From Neptune to Hymen, from the hammock to the bridal-bed. Ha! old boy!

MEDIUM.

Well, well; don't flurry yourself — you're so hot.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Hot! 'Sblood! an't I in the West Indies? An't I governor of Barbadoes? He shall have her as soon as he sets his foot on shore. His hair puffed! He ought to have been puffing here out of breath by this time.

MEDIUM.

Very true.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Well, now do, my good fellow, run down to the shore, and see what detains him.

(Hurrying him off.)

MEDIUM.

Well, well; I will, I will.

(Exit.)

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

n the mean time I'll get ready Narcissa; and

[redacted]



all shall be concluded in a second. My heart's set upon it. Poor fellow! after all his rumbles, and tumbles, and jumbles, and fits of despair — I shall be rejoiced to see him: I have not seen him since he was that high. But, zounds! he's so tardy!

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

A strange gentleman, sir, come from the quay, desires to see you.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

From the quay? Od's my life! — 'Tis he — 'Tis Inkle! Shew him up, directly.

(Exit SERVANT.)

The rogue is expeditious after all — I'm so happy!

Enter CAMPLEY.

My dear fellow. (Embracing him—shakes hands.) I'm rejoiced to see you. Welcome! welcome here, with all my soul.

CAMPLEY.

This reception, sir Christopher, is beyond my warmest wishes — Unknown to you —

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Aye, aye; we shall be better acquainted by and by. Well, and how, eh! tell me — But old Medium and I have talked over your affair a hundred times a day, ever since Narcissa arrived.

CAMPLEY.

You surprize me! Are you then really acquainted with the whole affair?

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Every tittle.

CAMPLEY.

And, can you, sir, pardon what is past?

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Pooh! how could you help it?

CAMPLEY.

Very true — sailing in the same ship—and —when you consider the past state of my mind —the black prospect before me —

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Ha! ha! black enough, I dare say.

[redacted]

CAMPLEY.

The difficulty I have felt in bringing myself face to face to you.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

That I am convinced of — but I knew you would come the first opportunity.

CAMPLEY. (Bowing.)

Very true: yet the distance between the governor of Barbadoes and myself —

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Yes — a devilish way asunder.

CAMPLEY.

Granted, sir — which has distressed me with the cruellest doubts as to our meeting.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

'Twas a toss up.

CAMPLEY. (Aside.)

The old gentleman seems devilish kind, — now to soften him. Perhaps, sir, in your younger days, you may have been in the same situation yourself.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Who? I! 'sblood! no, never in my life.

CAMPLEY.

I wish you had, with all my soul, sir Christopher.

SIR CHRISTOPHER. (Bowing.)

Upon my soul, sir, I'm very much obliged to you.

CAMPLEY.

As what I now mention might have greater weight with you.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Pooh! prithee! I tell you I pitied you from the bottom of my heart.

CAMPLEY.

Indeed! if, with your leave, I may still venture to mention miss Narcissa —

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

An impatient, sensible young dog! like me to a hair! Set your heart at rest, my boy. She's yours; yours before to morrow morning.

CAMPLEY.

Amazement! I can scarce believe my senses.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Zounds! you ought to be out of your senses; but dispatch — make short work of it ever while you live, my boy.

Enter NARCISSA and PATTY.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Here girl : here's your swain. (To Narcissa.)

CAMPLEY.

I just parted with my Narcissa on the quay, sir.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Did you! Ah! sly dog — had a meeting before you came to the old gentleman — But here — take him and make much of him — and, for fear of further separations, you shall e'en be tacked together directly. What say you, girl?

CAMPLEY.

Will Narcissa consent to my happiness?

NARCISSA.

I always obey my father's commands with pleasure, sir. (Aside to Patty.) Steal out, Patty, as soon as you can, and prevent Mr Inkle's appearance. My father has mistaken Campley, I am confident.

PATTY.

It is not for his daughter, ma'am, to tell him of his mistakes, you know.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Od! I'm so happy, I hardly know which way to turn; but we'll have the carriage directly; drive down to the quay; trundle old Spintext into church, and hey for matrimony!

CAMPLEY.

With all my heart, sir Christopher, the sooner the better.

Sir CHRISTOPHER, CAMPLEY, NARCISSA, PATTY.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Your Colinettes and Ariettes,
Your Damons of the grove,
Who like Fallals and Pastorals
Waste years in love!
But modern folks know better jokes,
And, courting once begun,
To church they hop at once—and pop—
Egad, all's done!

ALL.

In life we prance a country dance,
Where every couple stands;
Their partners set—a while curvet—
But soon join hands.

[redacted]

NARCISSA.

When at our feet, so trim and neat,
The powdered lover sues,
He vows he dies, the lady sighs,
But can't refuse.
Ah! how can she unmoved e'er see
Her swain his death incur!
If once the squire is seen expire,
He lives with her.

ALL.

In life, etc. etc.

PATTY.

When John and Bet are fairly met,
John boldly tries his luck;
He steals a buss, without more fuss,
The bargain's struck.
Whilst things below are going so,
Is Betty, pray, to blame?
Who knows, up stairs her mistress fares
Just, just the same.

ALL.

In life, we prance, etc. etc.

(Exeunt.)

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Quay.

Enter PATTY.

MERCY on us! what a walk I have had of it! Well, matters go on swimmingly at the governor's. The old gentleman has ordered the carriage, and the young couple will be whisked here to the church in a quarter of an hour. My business is to prevent young Sobersides, young Inkle, from appearing to interrupt the ceremony — Ha! here's the Crown, where I hear he is housed. So now to find Trudge, and trump up a story in the true stile of a chambermaid.

(Goes into the house.)

PATTY. (Within.)

I tell you it don't signify, and I will come up.

TRUDGE. (Within.)

But it does signify, and you can't come up.

Re-enter PATTY with TRUDGE.

PATTY.

You had better say at once, I shan't.

TRUDGE.

Well then, you shan't.

PATTY.

Savage! pretty behaviour you have picked up amongst the Hottipots! your London civility, like London itself, will soon be lost in smoke, Mr Trudge; and the politeness you have studied so long in Threadneedle-street, blotted out by the blacks you have been living with.

TRUDGE.

No such thing; I practised my politeness all the while I was in the woods. Our very lodging taught me good manners; for I could never bring myself to go into it without bowing.

PATTY.

Don't tell me! A mighty civil reception you give a body, truly, after a six weeks parting!

TRUDGE.

Gad! you're right; I am a little out here, to be sure. (Kisses her.) Well, how do you do?

PATTY.

Pshaw, fellow! I want none of your kisses.

TRUDGE.

Oh! very, well — I'll take it again. (Offers to kiss her.)

PATTY.

Be quiet. I want to see Mr Inkle. I have a message to him from miss Narcissa. I shall get a sight of him now, I believe.

TRUDGE.

May be not. He's a little busy at present.

PATTY

Busy, ha! plodding! What, he's at his multiplication table again?

TRUDGE.

Very likely; so it would be a pity to interrupt him, you know.

PATTY.

Certainly; and the whole of my business was to prevent his hurrying himself. — Tell him, we shan't be ready to receive him at the governor's till to-morrow: d'ye hear?

TRUDGE.

No!

PATTY.

No. Things are not prepared. The place isn't

in order; and the servants have not had proper notice of his arrival.

TRUDGE.

Oh! let me alone to give the servants notice — Rat — Tat — Tat — I'ts all the notice we had in Threadneedle-street of the arrival of a visitor.

PATTY.

Threadneedle-street! Threadneedle nonsense: I'd have you to know we do every thing with an air. Matters have taken another turn;—stile, stile, sir, is required here, I promise you.

TRUDGE.

Turn-stile! and pray, what stile will serve your turn now, madam Patty?

PATTY.

A due dignity and decorum, to be sure; sir Christopher intends Mr Inkle, you know, for his son-in-law, and must receive him in public form (which can't be till to-morrow morning) for the honour of his governorship: why, the whole island will ring of it.

TRUDGE.

The devil it will!

PATTY.

Yes; they've talked of nothing but my mis-

tress's beauty and fortune for these six weeks. Then he'll be introduced to the bride, you know.

TRUDGE.

Oh! my poor master!

PATTY.

Then a public breakfast; then a procession; then — if nothing happens to prevent it, he'll get into church, and be married in a crack.

TRUDGE.

Then he'll get into a damn'd scrape in a crack.

PATTY.

Hey-day! a scrape! The holy state of matrimony!

TRUDGE.

Yes; it's plaguy holy; and many of its votaries, as in other holy states, live in repentance and mortification. (Half aside.) Ah! poor madam Yarico! My poor pilgarlic of a master, what will become of him!

PATTY.

Why, what's the matter with the booby?

TRUDGE.

Nothing, nothing — he'll be hanged for poli-bigamy.

PATTY.

Polly, who?

TRUDGE.

It must out — Patty!

PATTY.

Well.

TRUDGE.

Can you keep a secret?

PATTY.

Try me.

TRUDGE.

Then (Whispering) my master keeps a girl.

PATTY.

Oh! monstrous! another woman?

TRUDGE.

As sure as one and one makes two.

PATTY. (Aside.)

Rare news for my mistress! — Why, I can hardly believe it: the grave, sly, steady, sober Mr Inkle do such a thing!

TRUDGE.

Pooh! it's always your sly, sober fellows, that go the most after the girls.

PATTY.

Well; I should sooner suspect *you.*

TRUDGE.

Me! Oh lord! he! he! — do you think any smart, tight, little black-ey'd wench would be struck with my figure? (Conceitedly.)

PATTY.

Pshaw! never mind your figure. Tell me how it happened?

TRUDGE.

You shall hear: when the ship left us ashore, my master turned as pale as a sheet of paper. It isn't every body that's blest with courage, Patty.

PATTY.

True.

TRUDGE.

However, I bid him cheer up; told him to stick to my elbow: took the lead, and began our march.

PATTY.

Well.

TRUDGE.

We hadn't gone far, when a damn'd one ey'd black boar, that grinned like a devil, came down the hill in a jog trot! My master melted as fast as a pot of pomatum!

[redacted]

PATTY.

Mercy on us!

TRUDGE.

But what does I do, but whips out my desk knife, that I used to cut the quills with at home; met the monster, and slit up his throat like a pen — The boar bled like a pig.

PATTY.

Lord! Trudge, what a great traveller, you are!

TRUDGE.

Yes, I remember we fed on the flitch for a week.

PATTY.

Well, well; but the lady?

TRUDGE.

The lady! O true. By and by we came to a cave — a large hollow room, under ground. Well, there we were half an hour, before I could get him to go in; there's no accounting for fear, you know. At last, in we went to a place hung round with skins, as it might be a furrier's shop, and there was a fine lady snoring on a bow and arrows.

PATTY.

What, all alone?

TRUDGE.

Eh! — No — no. Hum! she had a young lion by way of lap-dog.

PATTY.

Gemini! what did you do?

TRUDGE.

Gave her a jog, and she opened her eyes — she struck my master immediately.

PATTY.

Mercy on us! with what?

TRUDGE.

With her beauty, you ninny, to be sure; and they soon brought matters to bear. The wolves witnessed the contract. — I gave her away — The crows croaked amen; and we had board and lodging for nothing.

PATTY.

And this is she he has brought to Barbadoes?

TRUDGE.

The same.

PATTY.

Well; and tell me, Trudge, she's pretty, you say — Is she fair or brown? or —

TRUDGE.

Um! she's of a good comely copper.

PATTY.

How! a tawny?

TRUDGE.

Yes; quite dark; but very elegant.

PATTY.

Oh! the monster! the filthy fellow! Live with a black-a-moor!

TRUDGE.

Why, there's no great harm in't, I hope.

PATTY.

Faugh! I wou'dn't let him kiss me for the world: he'd make my face all smutty.

TRUDGE.

Zounds! you are mighty nice all of a sudden; but I'd have you to know, madam Patty, that black-a-moor ladies, as you call 'em, are some of the very few whose complexions never rub off: (Aside.) 'Sbud! if they did, Wows and I should have changed faces by this time. — Mum — not a word for your life.

PATTY.

Not I; (Aside.) except to the governor and family. But I must run — and, remember, Trudge, if your master has made a mistake here, he has himself to thank for his pains.

SONG.

Tho' lovers, like marksmen, all aim at the heart,
Some hit wide of the mark, as we wenches all know;
But of all the shots, he's the worst in the art
Who shoots at a pigeon and kills a crow. Oho!
Your master has kill'd a crow.

When younkers go out, the first time in their lives,
At random they shoot, and let fly as they go:
So your master, unskill'd how to level at wives,
Has shot at a pigeon and kill'd a crow.
Oho! etc.

Love and money thus wasted in terrible trim;
His powder is spent, and his shot running low:
Yet the pigeon he miss'd, I've a notion, with him
Will never, for such a mistake, pluck a crow.
No! no!
Your master may keep his crow!

(Exit PATTY.)

TRUDGE.

Pshaw! these girls are so plaguy proud of their white and red! but I won't be shamed out of Wows, that's flat. Master, to be sure,

while we were in the forest, taught Yarico to read with his pencil and pocket-book. What then! Wows comes on fine and fast in her lessons. A little awkward at first, to be sure.—Ha! ha!—She's so used to feed with her hands, that I can't get her to eat her victuals, in a genteel christian way for the soul of me: when she has stuck a morsel on her fork, she don't know how to guide it; but pops up her knuckles to her mouth, and the meat goes up to her ear. But, no matter—After all the fine flashy London girls, Wowski's the wench for my money.

SONG.

A clerk I was in London gay,
Jemmy linkum feedle,
And went in boots to see the play,
Merry fiddlum tweedle,
I march'd the lobby, twirl'd my stick,
Diddle, daddle, deedle;
The girls cried: «He's quite the kick,»
Oh! Jemmy linkum feedle.

Hey! for America sail!
Yankee doodle deedle;

The sailor boys cry'd, « smoke his tail ! »
    Jemmy linkum feedle.
On english belles I turn'd my back,
    Diddle, daddle, deedle;
And got a foreign fair, quite black.
    Oh! twaddle, twaddle tweedle!

Your London girls, with roguish trip,
    Wheedle, wheedle, wheedle,
Boast their pouting under-lip,
    Fiddle, faddle, feedle,
My Wows would beat a hundred such,
    Diddle, daddle, deedle,
Whose upper-lip pouts twice as much,
    Oh! pretty double wheedle.

Rings I'll buy to deck her toes,
    Jemmy linkum feedle;
A feather fine shall grace her nose,
    Waving sidle seedle;
With jealousy I ne'er shall burst,
    Who'd steal my bone of bone-a?
A white Othello, I can trust
    A dingy Desdemona.

(Exit.)

SCENE II.

A Room in the Crown.

Enter INKLE.

I know not what to think; I have given her distant hints of parting, but still so strong her confidence in my affection, she prattles on without regarding me. Poor Yarico! I must not—cannot quit her. When I would speak, her looks, her mere simplicity disarms me; I dare not wound such innocence. Simplicity is like a smiling babe, which to the ruffian that would murder it, stretching its little naked, helpless arms, pleads speechless its own cause. And yet—Narcissa's family—

Enter TRUDGE.

TRUDGE.

There he is, like a beau, bespeaking a coat—doubting which colour to chuse—Sir—

INKLE.

What now?

TRUDGE.

Nothing unexpected, sir—I hope you won't be angry.

INKLE.

Angry!

TRUDGE.

I'm sorry for it; but I am come to give you joy, sir!

INKLE.

Joy! of what?

TRUDGE.

A wife, sir; a white one—I know it, will vex you, but miss Narcissa means to make you happy to morrow morning.

INKLE.

To morrow!

TRUDGE.

Yes, sir; and as I have been out of employ, in both my capacities lately, after I have dressed your hair, I may draw up the marriage articles.

INKLE.

Whence comes your intelligence, sir?

TRUDGE.

Patty told me all that had past at the governor's family on the quay, sir. Women, you

know, can never keep a secret. You'll be introduced in form with the whole island to witness it.

INKLE.

So public too!—Unlucky!

TRUDGE.

There will be nothing but rejoicings in compliment to the wedding, she tells me; all noise and uproar! married people like it, they say.

INKLE.

Strange! that I should be so blind to my interest as to be the only person this distresses!

TRUDGE.

They are talking of nothing else but the match, it seems.

INKLE.

Confusion! how can I, in honour retract?

TRUDGE.

And the bride's merits—

INKLE.

True!—A fund of merits—I would not—but from necessity — a case so nice as this — I — wou'dn't wish to retract.

TRUDGE.

Then they call her so handsome.

INKLE.

Very true; so handsome! the whole world would laugh at me: they'd call it folly to retract.

TRUDGE.

And then they say so much of her fortune.

INKLE.

O death! it wou'd be madness to retract. Surely my faculties have slept, and this long parting from my Narcissa has blunted my sense of her accomplishments. 'Tis this alone makes me so weak and wavering. I'll see her immediately. (Going.)

TRUDGE.

Stay, stay, sir; I am desired to tell you, the governor won't open his gates to us till to morrow morning, and is now making preparations to receive you at breakfast, with all the honours of matrimony.

INKLE.

Well! be it so; it will give me time, at all events, to put my business in train.

TRUDGE.

Yes; it's a short respite before execution; and if your honour was to go and comfort poor madam Yarico—

INKLE.

Damnation! Scoundrel! how dare you to offer your advice? — I dread to think of her.

TRUDGE.

I've done, sir, I've done — but I know I should blubber over Wows all night, if I thought of parting with her in the morning.

INKLE.

Insolence! begone, sir!

TRUDGE.

Lord! sir, I only —

INKLE.

Get down stairs, sir, directly.

TRUDGE. (Aside, and going out.)

Ah! you may well put your head to your hand; and a bad head it must be, to forget that madam Yarico prevented her countrymen from peeling off the upper part of it.

(Exit.)

INKLE.

'Sdeath! what am I about? how have I slumbered? Is it I — I — who in London laughed at the younkers of the town — and when I saw their chariots, with some fine tempting girl

perked in the corner, come shopping to the city, would cry — Ah! — there sits ruin — there flies the greenhorn's money! then wondered with myself how men cou'd trifle time on women: or, indeed, think of any women without fortunes. And now, forsooth, it rests with me to turn romantic puppy, and give up *all* for love. Give up! — O monstrous folly! thirty thousand pounds!

TRUDGE. (Peeping in at the door.)

May I come in, sir?

INKLE.

What does the booby want!

TRUDGE.

Sir, your uncle wants to see *you*.

INKLE.

Mr Medium! Shew him up directly.

(Exit TRUDGE.)

He must know of this. To-morrow! — I wish this marriage were more distant, that I might break it by degrees. She'd take my purpose better, were it less suddenly delivered.

[redacted]

Enter MEDIUM.

MEDIUM.

Ah! here he is! Give me your hand, nephew! welcome, welcome to Barbadoes, with all my heart!

INKLE.

I am glad to meet you here, uncle.

MEDIUM.

That you are, that you are, I'm sure; lord! when we parted last, how I wished we were in a room together, if it were but the black hole! I have not been able to sleep o'nights for thinking of you. I've lain awake and fancied I saw you sleeping your last, with your head in a lion's mouth for a night cap; and I've never seen a bear brought over to dance about the street, but I thought you might be bobbing up and down in its belly.

INKLE.

I am very much obliged to you.

MEDIUM.

Ay, ay, I am happy enough to find you safe and sound, I promise you. But you have a fine *prospect* before you now, young man; I am



comè to take you with me to sir
who is impatient to see you.

INKLE.

To-morrow he expects me.

MEDIUM.

To-morrow! directly — this r
half a second — I left him standin
as he calls it, to embrace you; an
ing on tip-toe now, in the great
there he'll stand till you come to

INKLE.

Is he so hasty!

MEDIUM.

Hasty! he's all pepper — and
are not with him, before it's po
at him. Hasty indeed! Why, h
shall have his daughter this very r

INKLE.

What a situation!

MEDIUM.

Why, it's hardly fair just aft
But come, bustle, bustle, he'll th
glect him. He's rare and touchy
you; and if he once takes it into
you shew the least slight to hi

[redacted]

would knock up all your schemes in a minute.

INKLE. (Aside.)

Confusion! If he should hear of Yarico!

MEDIUM.

But at present you are all and all with him; he has been telling me his intentions these six weeks; you'll be a fine warm husband, I promise you.

INKLE. (Aside.)

This cursed connection!

MEDIUM.

It is not for me though to tell you how to play your cards; you are a prudent young man, and can make calculations in a wood.

INKLE. (Aside.)

Fool! fool! fool!

MEDIUM.

Why, what the devil is the matter with you!

INKLE. (Aside.)

It must be done effectually, or all is lost; mere parting would not conceal it.

MEDIUM.

Ah! now he's got to his damn'd square root again, I suppose, and old Nick would not move him — why, nephew!



INKLE. (Aside)

The planter that I spoke with cann rived — but time is precious — the fi — common prudence now demands fixed; I'll part with her.

(Exit.)

MEDIUM.

Damn me! but he's mad. The woods turn'd the poor boy's brain's; he's scalped gone crazy! Holo! Inkle! nephew! Gad spoil your arithmetic, I warrant me.

SCENE III.

The Quay.

Enter Sir CHRISTOPHER CURRY.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Od's my life! I can scarce contain my piness; I've left 'em safe in church in the dle of the ceremony; I ought to have *Narcissa* away, they told me, but I ca *about* so much for joy, that old Spint



vised me to go and cool my heels on the quay till it was all over. Odt! I'm so happy; and they shall see now what an old fellow can do at a wedding.

Enter INKLE.

INKLE.

Now for dispatch! (To the Governor.) Hark'ee, old gentleman!

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Well, young gentleman!

INKLE.

If I mistake not, I know your business here.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

'Egad, I believe half the island knows it before this time.

INKLE.

Then to the point — I have a female whom I wish to part with.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Very likely; it's a common case now a days with many a man.

INKLE.

If you could satisfy me you would use her

14

mildly, and treat her with more kindness than is usual—for, I can tell you, she's of no common stamp—perhaps we might agree.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Oho! a slave! Faith, now I think on't, my daughter may want an attendant or two extraordinary; and as you say she's a delicate girl, above the common run, and none of your thick-lip'd, flat-nos'd, squabby, dumpling dowdies, I don't much care if—

INKLE.

And for her treatment—

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Look ye, young man, I love to be plain; I shall treat her a good deal better than you would, I fancy; for though I witness this custom every day, I can't help thinking the only excuse for buying our fellow creatures, is to rescue 'em from the hands of those who are unfeeling enough to bring 'em to market.

INKLE.

Fair words, old gentleman; an englishman won't put up an affront.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

An englishman! More shame for you. Men

who so fully feel the blessings of liberty are doubly cruel in depriving the helpless of their freedom.

INKLE.

Let me assure you, sir, 'tis not my occupation, but for a private reason; an instant pressing necessity —

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Well, well, I have a pressing necessity too; I can't stand to talk now; I expect company here presently, but if you'll ask for me tomorrow at the Castle —

INKLE.

The Castle!

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Aye, sir, the Castle, the governor's Castle, known all over Barbadoes.

INKLE.

'Sdeath! this man must be on the governor's establishment; his steward, perhaps, and sent after me while sir Christopher is impatiently waiting for me. I've gone too far; my secret may be known — As 'tis, I'll win this fellow to my interest. (To him.) One word more, sir: my business must be done immediately; and as

you seem acquainted at the Castle, if you should see me there — and there I mean to sleep to-night —

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

The devil you do!

INKLE.

Your finger on your lips: and never breathe a syllable of this transaction.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

No! Why not?

INKLE.

Because, for reasons which perhaps you'll know to-morrow, I might be injured with the governor, whose most particular friend I am.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

(Aside.) So, here's a particular friend of mine, coming to sleep at my house, that I never saw in my life. I'll sound this fellow. — I fancy, young gentleman, as you are such a bosom friend of the governor's, you can hardly do any thing to alter your situation with him?

INKLE.

Oh! pardon me; but you'll find that hereafter — besides you, doubtless, know his character?

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Oh! as well as I do my own. But let's understand one another. You may trust me, now, you've gone so far. You are acquainted with his character, no doubt, to a hair?

INKLE.

I am — I see we shall understand each other. You know him too, I see, as well as I — a very touchy, testy, hot old fellow.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

(Aside.) Here's a scoundrel! I hot and touchy! Zounds! I can hardly contain my passion! — But I won't discover myself. I'll see the bottom of this. (To him.) Well now, as we seem to have come to a tolerable explanation — let's proceed to business — bring me the woman.

INKLE.

No; there you must excuse me. I rather would avoid seeing her more; and wish it to be settled without my seeming interference. My presence might distress her — you conceive me.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Zounds! what an unfeeling rascal! — The poor girl's in love with him, I suppose. No,

no, fair and open. My dealing's with you, and you only; I see her now or I declare off.

INKLE.

Well then, you must be satisfied; yonder's my servant — ha! — a thought has struck me. Come here, sir.

Enter TRUDGE.

INKLE.

(To himself) I'll write my purpose, and send it her by him. — It's lucky that I taught her to decypher characters; my labour now is paid — this is somewhat less abrupt; 'twill soften matters. (Takes out his pocket book and writes.) Give this to Yarico; then bring her hither with you.

TRUDGE. (Going.)

I shall, sir.

INKLE.

Stay; come back. This soft fool, if uninstructed, may add to her distress; his drivelling sympathy may feed her grief instead of soothing it. When she has read this paper, seem to make light of it; tell her it is a thing of course,

done purely for her good. I here inform her that I must part with her. D'ye understand your lesson?

TRUDGE.

Pa — part with Ma — madam Yar-i-co?

INKLE.

Why does the blockhead stammer! — I have my reasons. No muttering — and let me tell you, sir, if your rare bargain were gone too, 'twou'd be the better; she may babble our story of the forest, and spoil my fortune.

TRUDGE.

I'm sorry for it, sir; I've lived with you a long while: I've half a year's wages too due the 25th ult., due for dressing your hair and scribbling your parchments; but take my scribbling; take my frizzing; take my wages; and I and Wows will take ourselves off together — she saved my life, and rot me! sir, if any thing but death shall part us.

INKLE.

Impertinent! Go, and deliver your message.

TRUDGE.

I'm gone, sir. Lord, lord! I never carried a letter with such ill will in all my born days.

(Exit.)

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Well — shall I see the girl?

INKLE.

She'll be here presently. One thing I had forgot; when she is yours, I need not caution you, after the hints I've given, to keep her from the castle. If sir Christopher should see her, 'twould lead, you know, to a discovery of what I wish concealed.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Depend upon *me* — sir Christopher will know no more of our meeting, than he does at this moment.

INKLE.

Your secrecy shall not be unrewarded; I'll recommend you particularly to his good graces.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Thank ye, thank ye; but I'm pretty much in his good graces as it is: I don't know any body he has a greater respect for —

Re-enter TRUDGE.

INKLE.

Now, sir, have you performed your message?



TRUDGE.

Yes, I gave her the letter.

INKLE.

And where is Yarico? did she say she'd come? did'n't you do as you were ordered? didn't you speak to her?

TRUDGE.

I cou'dn't, sir, I cou'dn't — I intended to say what you bid me — but, I felt such a pain in my throat, I cou'dn't speak a word for the soul of me, and so, sir, I fell a crying.

INKLE.

Blockhead!

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

'Sblood! but he's a very honest blockhead. Tell me, my good fellow — what said the wench?

TRUDGE.

Nothing at all, sir. She sat down with her two hands clasped on her knees, and looked so pitifully in my face, I could not stand it. Oh! here she comes, I'll go and find Wows. If I must be melancholy, she shall keep me company.

(Exit.)

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Oh! here she comes. Od's my life! as comely a wench, as ever I saw.

Enter YARICO, who looks some time in INKLE'S face, bursts into tears, and falls on his neck.

INKLE.

In tears! nay, Yarico! why this?

YARICO.

Oh! do not — do not leave me!

INKLE.

Why, simple girl! I'm labouring for your good. My interest here is nothing; I can do nothing from myself: you are ignorant of our country's customs. I must give way to men more powerful who will not have me with you. But see, my Yarico, ever anxious for your welfare, I've found a kind, good person, who will protect you.

YARICO.

Ah! why you not protect me?

INKLE.

I have no means — how can I?

YARICO.

Just as I sheltered you. Take me to yonder

mountain, where I see no smoke from tall high houses, fill'd with your cruel countrymen. None of your princes there will come to take me from you. And should they stray that way, we'll find a lurking place, just like my own poor cave, where many a day I sat beside you, and bless'd the chance that brought you to it — that I might save your life.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

His life! Zounds! my blood boils at the scoundrel's ingratitude!

YARICO.

Come, come, let's go. I always feared these cities. Let's fly and seek the woods; and there we'll wander hand in hand together. No cares will vex us then — we'll let the day glide by in idleness, and you shall sit in the shade, and watch the sun-beam playing on the brook, while I will sing the song that pleases you. No cares, Love, but for food — and we'll live cheerfully, I warrant. — In the fresh early morning you shall hunt down our game, and I will pick you berries — and then, at night, I'll trim our bed of leaves, and lie me down in peace — Oh! we shall be so happy!

INKLE.

Hear me, Yarico. My countrymen and yours differ as much in minds as in complexions. We were not born to live in woods and caves — to seek subsistence by pursuing beasts — we christians, girl, hunt money, a thing unknown to you. But here, 'tis money which brings us ease, plenty, command, power, every thing, and of course happiness. You are the bar to my attaining this; therefore 'tis necessary for my good — and which I think you value —

YARICO.

You know I do; so much, that it would break my heart to leave you.

INKLE.

But we must part. If you are seen with me, I shall lose all.

YARICO.

I gave up all for you — my friends — my country: all that is dear to me: and still grown dearer since you sheltered there. — All, all was left for you, and were it now to do again — again I'd cross the seas, and follow you all the world over.

INKLE.

We idle time: sir, she is yours. See you

obey this gentleman; 'twill be the better for you. (Going.)

YARICO. (Holding him.)

O barbarous! Do not, do not abandon me.

INKLE.

No more.

YARICO.

Stay but a little; protect me but a little— and I'll obey this man, and undergo all hardships for your good; stay but to witness 'em. I soon shall sink with grief; tarry till then; and hear me bless your name when I am dying; and beg you now and then, when I am gone, to heave a sigh for your poor Yarico.

INKLE.

I dare not listen. You, sir, I hope, will take good care of her. (Going.)

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Care of her! — that I will — I'll cherish her like my own daughter, and pour balm into the heart of a poor innocent girl, that has been wounded by the artifices of a scoundrel.

INKLE.

Ha! 'Sdeath! Sir, how dare you! —

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

'Sdeath! Sir, how dare you look an honest man in the face?—

INKLE.

Sir, you shall feel—

SIR CHRISTOPHER

Feel! It's more than ever you did, I believe; mean, sordid wretch! dead to all sense of honour, gratitude, or humanity—I never heard of such barbarity! I have a son-in-law, who has been left in the same situation, but, if I thought him capable of such cruelty, dam'me! if I would not turn him to sea with a peck loaf in a cockle shell. Come, come! cheer up, my girl. You shan't want a friend to protect you, I warrant you. (Taking YARICO by the hand.)

INKLE.

Insolence! The governor shall hear of this insult.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

The governor! lyar! cheat! rogue! impostor! breaking all ties you ought to keep, and pretending to those you have no right to. The governor had never such a fellow in the whole catalogue of his acquaintance—the governor

disowns you — the governor disclaims you — the governor abhors you; and, to your utter confusion, here stands the governor to tell you so! here stands old Curry, who never talked to a rogue without telling him what he thought of him!

INKLE.

Sir Christopher! Lost and undone!

MEDIUM. (Without.)

Holo! young multiplication! Zounds! I've been peeping in every cranny of the house. Why, young rule of three!

(Enters from the Inn.)

Oh! here you are at last! — Ah, sir Christopher! What, are you there too? impatient I see to wait at home. But here's one that will make you easy, I fancy.

(Clapping Inkle on the shoulder.)

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

How came you to know him?

MEDIUM.

Ha! ha! Well, that's curious enough too. So you have been talking here without finding out each other.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

No, no; I have found him out with a vengeance.

MEDIUM.

Not you. Why, this is the dear boy. It's my nephew; that is, your son-in-law that is to be. It's Inkle!

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

It's a lie; and you're a purblind old booby — and this dear boy is a damn'd scoundrel.

MEDIUM.

Hey-dey! what's the meaning of this? One was mad before, and he has bit the other, I suppose.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

But here comes the dear boy — the true boy — the jolly boy, piping hot from church, with my daughter.

Enter CAMPLEY, NARCISSA, and PATTY.

MEDIUM.

Campley?

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Who, Campley! — It's no such thing.



CAMPLEY.

That's my name, indeed, sir Christopher.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

The devil it is! And how came you, sir, to impose upon me, and assume the name of Inkle? A name which every man of honesty ought to be ashamed of.

CAMPLEY.

I never did, sir. Since I sailed from England with your daughter, my affection has daily encreased; and when I came to explain myself to you, by a number of concurring circumstances, which I am now partly acquainted with, you mistook me for that gentleman. Yet had I even then been aware of your mistake, I must confess the regard for my own happiness would have tempted me to let you remain undeceived.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

And did you, Narcissa, join in —

NARCISSA.

How could I, my dear sir, disobey you?

PATTY.

Lord! your honour, what young lady could refuse a captain?

CAMPLEY.

I am a soldier, sir Christopher; love and war, is the soldier's motto; and tho' my income is trifling to your *intended* son-in-law's, still the chance of war has enabled me to support the object of my love above indigence. Her fortune, sir Christopher, I do not consider myself by any means entitled to.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

'Sblood! but you must tho'. Give me your hand, my young Mars, and bless you both together! — Thank you, thank you for cheating an old fool into giving his daughter to a lad of spirit, when he was going to throw her away upon one in whose breast the mean passion of avarice smothers the smallest spark of affection or humanity.

INKLE.

Confusion!

NARCISSA.

I have this moment heard a story of a transaction in the forest, which, I own, would have rendered a compliance with your former commands very disagreeable.

PATTY.

Yes, sir, I have told my mistress he had brought over a Hottypot gentlewoman.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Yes, but he would have left her for you (To Narcissa), and you for his interest, and sold you, perhaps, as he has this poor girl to me, as a requital for preserving his life.

NARCISSA.

How!

Enter TRUDGE and WOWSKI.

TRUDGE.

Come along, Wows! take a long, last leave of your poor mistress: throw your pretty ebony arms about her neck.

WOWSKI.

No, no — she not go; you not leave poor Wowski —

(Throwing her arms about Yarico.)

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Poor girl! A companion, I take it.

TRUDGE.

A thing of my own, sir; I coudn't help —

following my master's example in the woods — *like master like man.*

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

But you would not sell her, and be hanged to you! you dog, would you?

TRUDGE.

Hang me like a dog if I would, sir.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

So say I to every fellow that breaks an obligation due to the feelings of a man. But, old Medium, what have you to say for your hopeful nephew?

MEDIUM.

I never speak ill of my friends, sir Christopher.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Pshaw!

INKLE.

Then let me speak: hear me defend a conduct —

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Defend! Zounds! plead guilty at once; it's the only hope left of obtaining mercy.

INKLE.

Suppose, old gentleman, you had a son!

[redacted]

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

'Sblood! then I'd make him an honest fellow, and teach him that the feeling heart never knows greater pride than when it's employed in giving succour to the unfortunate: I'd teach him to be his father's own son to a hair.

INKLE.

Even so my father tutored me; from infancy bending my tender mind, like a young sapling, to his will — Interest was the grand prop round which he twined my pliant, green affections; he taught me in childhood to repeat old sayings — all tending to his own fixed principles, and the first sentence that I ever lisped was — *Charity begins at Home.*

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

I shall never like a proverb again as long as I live.

INKLE.

As I grew up, he'd prove — and by example — were I in want, I might e'en starve, for what the world cared for their neighbours; why then should I care for the world! Men now lived for themselves. These were his doctrines: then, sir, what would you say, should

I, in spite of habit, precept, education, fly in my father's face and spurn his counsels!

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Say! why, that you were a damn'd honest undutiful fellow. Oh! curse such principles! Principles which destroy all confidence between man and man — principles which none but a rogue could instill, and none but a rogue could imbibe — principles —

INKLE.

Which I renounce.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Eh!

INKLE.

Renounce intirely. Ill-founded precept too long has steeled my breast — still 'tis vulnerable — this trial was too much — Nature 'gainst habit combating within me, has penetrated to my heart; a heart, I own, long callous to the feelings of sensibility; but now it bleeds, and bleeds for my poor Yarico. Oh! let me clasp her to it while 'tis glowing, and mingle tears of love and penitence.

(Embracing her.)

TRUDGE. (Capering about.)

Wows, give me a kiss!

(Wowski goes to Trudge.)

YARICO.

And shall we — shall we be happy?

INKLE.

Aye, ever, ever, Yarico.

YARICO.

I knew we should — and yet I feared; but shall I still watch over you? Oh! love, you, surely, gave your Yarico such pain only to make this happiness the greater.

WOWSKI. (Going to Yarico.)

Oh! Wowski so happy! and yet I think I not glad neither.

TRUDGE.

Eh, Wows! How! why not?

WOWSKI.

'Cause I can't help cry —

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Then, if that's the case — curse me! if I think I'm very glad either. What the plague's the matter with my eyes? Young man, your hand — I am now proud and happy to shake it.

MEDIUM.

Well, sir Christopher, what do you say to my hopeful nephew now?

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

Say! Why, confound the fellow! I say, that is ungenerous enough to remember the bad actions of a man who has virtue left in him to repent them — as for you, my good fellow (To Trudge), I must, with your master's permission, employ you myself.

TRUDGE.

O rare! — Bless your honour — Wows! you'll be a lady, you jade, to a governor's Factotum.

WOWSKI.

Iss — I lady Facktotum.

SIR CHRISTOPHER.

And now, my young folks, we'll drive home, and celebrate the wedding. Od's my life! I long to be shaking a foot at the fiddles, and I shall dance ten times the lighter for reforming an Inkle, while I have it in my power to reward the innocence of a Yarico.

FINALE.

CAMPLEY.

Come let us dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes' bells shall ring:
Love scrapes the fiddle string,
And Venus plays the lute;
Hymen gay foots away,
Happy at our wedding day,
Cocks his chin, and figures in,
To tabor, fife, and flute.

CHORUS.

Come then dance and sing,
While all Barbadoes' bells shall ring, etc.

NARCISSA.

Since thus each anxious care
Is vanish'd into empty air,
Ah! how can I forbear
To join the jocund dance!
To and fro, couples go,
On the light fantastic toe,
While with glee, merrily,
The rosy hours advance. *Chorus.*

YARICO.

When first the swelling sea
Hither brought my love and me,

What then my fate would be,
Little did I think—
Doom'd to know care and woe,
Happy still is Yarico,
Since her love will constant provė,
And nobly scorn to shrink. *Chorus.*

TRUDGE.

'Sbob's now I'm fix'd for life,
My fortune's fair, tho' black's my wife.
Who fears domestic strife?—
Who cares now a souse!
Merry cheer my dingy dear
Shall find with her Factotum here;
Night and day, I'll frisk and play
About the house with Wows. *Chorus.*

PATTY.

Let Patty say a word,
A chambermaid may sure be heard.
Sure men are grown absurd
Thus taking black for white!
To hug and kiss a dingy miss
Will hardly suit an age like this—
Unless here, some friends appear,
Who like this wedding night. *Chorus*

THE END.



